

# FRIENDS AROUND THE PRESIDENT Bankroller, Mr. Pepsi and 'Troops'

By NICK THIMMES

Special to The Union

Fifth of Six Parts

We must meet

Nixon banquets

Elmer Bost

was in the Union Army

of the Poindexter

Wit, is foremost

banker

## Second Going-Out-Of-Business Sale!



See BANKROLLER  
Page Six

# THE SPRINGFIELD UNION

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 4, 1970

68 PAGES

VOL. 107, No. 250

## Restrictions Voted On Flights of SST

Senate  
Vote  
Is 77-0

WASHINGTON, ALPH

The Senate voted Wednesday to prohibit faster-than-sound air traffic over U.S. territory and to restrict support personnel to the proposed supersonic transport.

Heading Off

Banks of the SST rushed the provisions through the vote in less than two days to head off a growing move to cut off federal funds for the plane by denying opponents a key argument.

The vote was 77 to 0 in favor, and opponents broke out in protest against an SST produced some hours after the vote.

Opponents have argued that the SST will be a waste of money and that it will be a danger to the environment.

The SST is a supersonic transport aircraft that is designed to fly at speeds greater than the speed of sound.

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A second floor corridor at Trade High School has been closed because of severe water damage in the floorboards. The water came from a fire which apparently was turned on by vandals. Damage is estimated at \$25,000.

## Vandals Hit Trades Damage: \$25,000

By LINDA SITEMAN  
Union Staff Writer

The Trades Union building at 100 North Main Street was closed for several days after vandals caused severe damage to the interior of the building.

The damage was caused by vandals who broke into the building and set off a fire in the basement.

The fire caused severe damage to the floorboards and the walls of the building.

The damage is estimated at \$25,000 and the building is expected to be closed for several more days.

The Trades Union building is a multi-story building that houses the offices of the Trades Union.

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## Pueblos Win Fight

The Pueblos won a fight against the administration at the University of Massachusetts.

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## But Remember, It's Still Autumn Warming Up to December

It was a warm day yesterday in Springfield, Massachusetts. The temperature was in the 40s, which is unusual for this time of year.

The weather was just what we needed after a long, cold winter. It was a pleasant surprise.

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## Freedman Fights

After Suspension for Protested Cartoons

The Freedman fought a suspension from the Union after protesting the cartoons.

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## Controversial 'Yahoo' Returns at UMass

"Yahoo" is back, complete with a drawing of Spiro Agnew occupying Lincoln's seat in the Memorial of the same name and a slogan, "What do you want, good grammar or good taste?" on the front cover.

The alleged humor magazine published at the University of Massachusetts was suspended for two years, claiming political satire.

The magazine was published at the University of Massachusetts and was suspended for two years.

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Senate funds from "Yahoo" in 1966, following a verbal barrage by Sen. John Harrington, D-Lowell, who was displeased by cartoons.

The first cartoon in the 1966 battle depicted a priest pulling a rabbit out of a chalice, while the second portrayed U.S. Army Special Forces troops as "Green Sickness" rather than "Green Berets."

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Both cartoons, student Senate officials said, were meant as satires.

At the time, Scott Freeland, a Yahoo staff member, admitted the quality of the publication "has not been what it should be," but students issued strong protests at the cutting of the budget.

The current issue is not kind to President Nixon

(Noxin) and Vice President Agnew, and devotes considerable space to air and water pollution satires.

A New York magazine has a full page ad in the publication which shows a semi-nude woman as a sandwich. Also included is a cartoon reading sexual

See CONTROVERSIAL

# M H Y S T E R I A

"FAIR THEE WELL" ISSUE



It has been a long four years for the editors but the time has at last come when the Administration thrusts *baccalaureate* degrees in the shape of little booklets looking more like passports than diplomas, upon us and pushes us out into the world. We can (shudder) work - provided we can find someone to hire a Lib Arts major- or, if we cannot face the world, we can go on to graduate school. If, after getting a Master's we still can't adjust we may return for a Doctorate. If we find ourselves still incompetent after that we can always teach. Should we discover that in addition to being inept we are also stupid, unimaginative, narrow and impossible to get along with, we may become administrators. Then we'd be on the other end of the humor magazine shaft, the other side of the anus, as 'twere.

Nonetheless we shall miss editing the *Yahoo*--there isn't a hell of a lot else to miss. It has been a fun filled four years that we, a distinct pseudo-intellectual segment of the campus, have captained the magazine's destiny. Years filled with having our assets frozen by an over-zealous Student Senate President, being fired by his successor, having the magazine abolished, having to wheedle money out of a Budgets Committee that would make Silas Marner look like Diamond Jim Brady and, upon the insistence of a bush-league Richelieu, having to send our copy to the Vatican for approval before publication.

But we have heartily enjoyed this--we have \$170,000 worth of graft squirreled away in Swiss banks and an offer from the *Mademoiselle* staff to put out their August issue as a take off on *Lampoon's* take off on their July issue. Excelsior.

From the perspective of four years and our own insufferable conceit we should like, in our last issue, to recommend to your attention a few things which you shall have to continue living with.

Things like the Student Senate, that sterling example of the failure of the democratic system, which is largely composed of self important power-happy mediocrities. This institution has proven to us that campus elections to anything are no more valid indexes of ability than is any other popularity poll. We grant that such elections often separate the wheat from the chaff; our complaint is that the chaff is selected for office. The Senate has often asked what purpose *Yahoo* serves on campus; the obvious answer being that it provides an excuse--abused--for the Student Senate's existence. The truly responsible people in the Senate can be counted on the fingers of one hand--a hand that could be better used to make obscene gestures at the balance of the senators.

One of the creations of this self styled legislature was the R.S.O.--Recognized Student Organizations--office to correlate and expedite the various student activities. The "Student" element in this

institution was soon overwhelmed by the "Organization" element and now the Senate finds that the office which began as a Senate Subordinate is not merely dictating to the student organizations but to the Senate itself. Anyone doubting us can, if he wishes, simply review the feat of legislative legerdemain R.S.O. accomplished in the passage of the much debated "2.0" bill. We would be a bit relieved had the Senators discovered this Frankenstein's monster to their dismay, but many haven't even discovered, much less dismayed. We wish the students well with their benevolent despot, although in all fairness we must admit that Ed Buck hardly resembles Porfirio Diaz at all.

Speaking of despotism, let's consider our Administration, specifically the naive belief of Messrs. Hunsberger and Woodside that the alternatives of "publish or perish; research or resign" which they offer a timid and thoroughly cowed faculty cannot hurt the University, (and more important, hurt us). In spite of our laughably low pay scale we have a few fairly intelligent professors here; we wonder what happens to them when they become deans. They either ignore or are ignorant of the unique purpose of a *State* university--to provide cheap, in-class, education for the children of lower income families. What happens to a dean's job when he has fired his teachers and therefore has lost his students, being left



with only a staff of writers? We assume he can always open a publishing house. Perhaps even renting quite cheaply office space in one of the vacant buildings of what was once the University of Mass. We anticipate the appearance of "Woodside House" or "Hunsberger-Mifflin, Inc."

Happily, however, all our administrative problems may be solved in the traditional administrative way -- by I.B.M. machines as President Lederle, perhaps to fill the gap left by his own indecisiveness, staffs the University with machinery (which is nearly always decisive, if nothing else.) The Administration, in what is rapidly becoming a campaign to overwhelm what shreds of individual initiative that society has left the student, has gone mechanized. Now that the Industrial Revolution has caught up with education it is necessary for the student to adapt himself to the new society, in which he must live. He must mold himself into that form which offers the least resistance to the system--flat and rectangular with punched holes.

And now we turn to our critics of the past four years; people truly unique among critics these individuals are distinguished in that their criticism is very seldom constructive. These self-appointed "arbiters of elegance" have been vociferous in their bitching that *Yahoo* is written by a power elite of three people who constitute a "distinct pseudo-intellectual segment of the campus." Anti-religious, anti-fraternity, anti-clerical, anti-Semitic, we have been the center of a storm of abuse after the publication of every issue. We have rather liked the attention. In fact when our last issue was universally well received we could not help but feel that we had somehow failed. It would have been much more worthwhile had some of our vociferous critics come down to the office and helped us write the mag. While we don't mind getting all the glory, we hate like hell to do all the work. In conclusion, we should like to refrain from any expression of bitterness or sarcasm towards these people who have been more hindrance than help to us, and have still loudly demanded more and better magazines; we should simply like to call their attention, as we leave, to the sprig of mistletoe stapled to our coattails.

*The End*

*As Yahoo dies for the second time in its 19 year existence, we feel that the above 1961 editorial is as relevant now as it was then. Very little has changed since it was written, yet there is a difference, the magazine was not dead then, now it is.*

*When Yahoo fell in 1966, it was due to the state legislature. This time the Student Senate takes the credit. This cut was an economy move, the students now save \$7,500 in taxes, but that figure is lost in the total budget which has increased.*

*Humor and satire has been dying on college and university campuses for many years. As Yahoo falls, so does the existence of student sponsored humor magazines. All that remains of the over 300 college satire magazines is the HARVARD LAMPOON, which is funded by an endowment.*

*In the next few pages we give you examples of the past: the magazine, letters, and news articles. This issue is dedicated to us, the Editors and Staff who have given our time and energy to an apathetic student audience over almost a score of years.*



Vol. 1 No. 1

25 cents

## Editor's Note

It is a thrilling experience to create something new. And in publishing the first edition of *Ya-Hoo* we feel that we have done just that—created something new, something lasting, and something of value to the growth of the University. At the risk of sounding sickeningly sentimental, we are proud of our magazine. We believe it has made an auspicious beginning and we are confident it will improve as we gain in experience.

To be technically honest, *Ya-Hoo* is not the first humor magazine in the history of the University. Bill Doran, '15, after noticing a poster publicizing *Ya-Hoo*, wrote an article in the *Massachusetts Alumnus* in which he reminisced about a humor magazine of earlier days:

"From the poster I learned that some of the students are about to launch a magazine of humor. I made immediate arrangements to subscribe and altered my classmate Robert E. Patterson in New York City. He has been for years with D.C. Heath & Co., publishers, and, as will appear, was a publisher himself in his youth. Mr. Patterson replied promptly and as follows:

"Dear Bill: In 1913, when we were juniors, Sid Masse and I ventured into the field of humorous college journalism. We so continued until graduation when we turned "The Squib" over to a group of sophomores.

"We later learned from friendly profs that some members of the faculty were apprehensive. They feared that we might attack some of them if only by innuendo. Such an idea was farthest from our thoughts. We had agreed that we would keep the paper clean and aboveboard.

"A humorous publication has a place on any campus. It can help, especially along the line of morale and spirit. But it must avoid the bawdy and smart-aleck."

It has been forty-two years since the initial publication of "The Squib", but *Ya-Hoo* still pays tribute to its traditional editorial policy. We do not believe that a collegiate humor magazine need be smutty to be enjoyable, and have aimed rather at a different level of light reading (although the Puritan Witch-hunters will manage to find something objectionable here, as they do in nearly everything else they read.— College humor magazines have had an amazingly high mortality rate.

Our aim is to satirize college life in general and to expose the humorous institutions of the University in particular. Occasionally we may take pot-shots at faculty, students, or administration, but the spirit in which we shoot is friendly and good-natured, not malicious.

Above all, our goal is to provide our subscribers with a half-hour of light reading matter far removed from the cloisters of academia. You will find nothing of existentialism, transcendentalism, or nihilism in *Ya-Hoo*; only insanity, inanity, and humanity.

B.L.B.

Massachusetts		
YA-HOO		
VOL. 1	EDITOR IN CHIEF	NO. 1
	BARRY BRADLEY, '37	
	EDITORIAL BOARD	
	ADVISORY EDITOR	
	Norman Patterson, '16	
	ASSOCIATE EDITORS	
	Richard Bels, '35	Pat McLean, '36
	Joan Fitch, '36	
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	James Wright, '35	
	Michael Lewis, '36	
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	DIRECTOR OF SALES	
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	Tom Tule, '36	
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	Henry Williams, '37	
	Robert Kelling, '35	
	TECHNICAL ASSISTANT	
	Robert McQuinn	
	BOOKS ASSISTANT	
	Paul Keweenaw	

*Ya-Hoo* is the official satirical magazine of the University of Massachusetts, published twice a year in the autumn and spring. It is a student publication, and its content is entirely the work of the students of the University. It is not a commercial publication, and its purpose is to provide a half-hour of light reading matter far removed from the cloisters of academia. You will find nothing of existentialism, transcendentalism, or nihilism in *Ya-Hoo*; only insanity, inanity, and humanity.





## THE MAIL POUCH



**To the Editor:**

I think *Ya-Hoo* is the most entertaining and intellectually challenging publication in its field. I think all intelligent people should read it. I plan to collect them all. I also collect dead bodies and Type "O" blood.

Affectionately,

## Vampira

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

**To the Editor:**

Thanks for the big beer party you threw for the whole *Ya-Hoo* staff. It was a fine gesture on your part to use the subscription funds to pay for the refreshments. We just hope the subscribers don't mind about the second issue. Thanks again.

Hung over,  
The Ya-Hoo staff

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

**To the Editor:**

As we will have no further use for it, we would like to present as a gift to Ya-Hoo our well-thumbed edition of Lane's *Anthology of Four-Letter Words*. We hope you have better luck with it.

Your pen pals,  
*The Quarterly*

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

**To the Editor:**

After reading your magazine carefully, I find that it must be added to the subversive list and burned accordingly. Not only is it humorous, but it shows definite "liberal" tendencies.

Point of order,  
Joe McCarthy

• • • •

**To the Editor:**

If you persist in distributing your publication at the University of Massachusetts you will be liable to court action.

**More truth than fiction  
Massachusetts S.P.C.A.**

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

To the Editor:

Your magazine is not fit for human consumption, but I eat it anyway.

Barfingly,  
Garbage-mouth Glitz

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

**To the Editor:**

I have been dating a member of Sigma Epsilon Xi for three weeks now, and he hasn't offered me his pin. What can I do?

**Frustrated Frosh,  
(Name Withheld)**

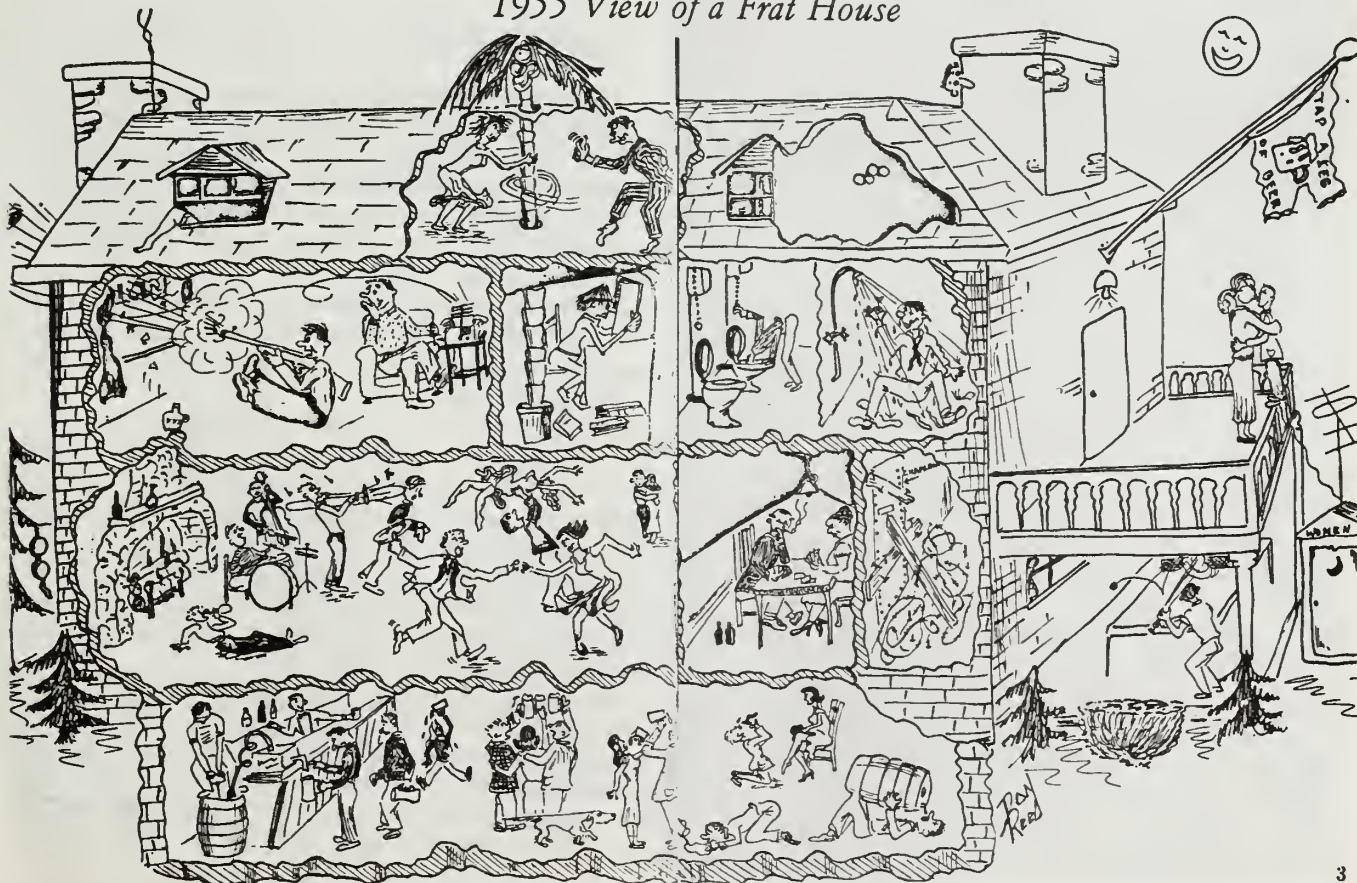
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

To the Editor:

Please accept this check as payment for one year's subscription to *Ya-Hoo*. I'm sure I will enjoy reading it.

Rudolph Gasser,  
Northampton State Hospital

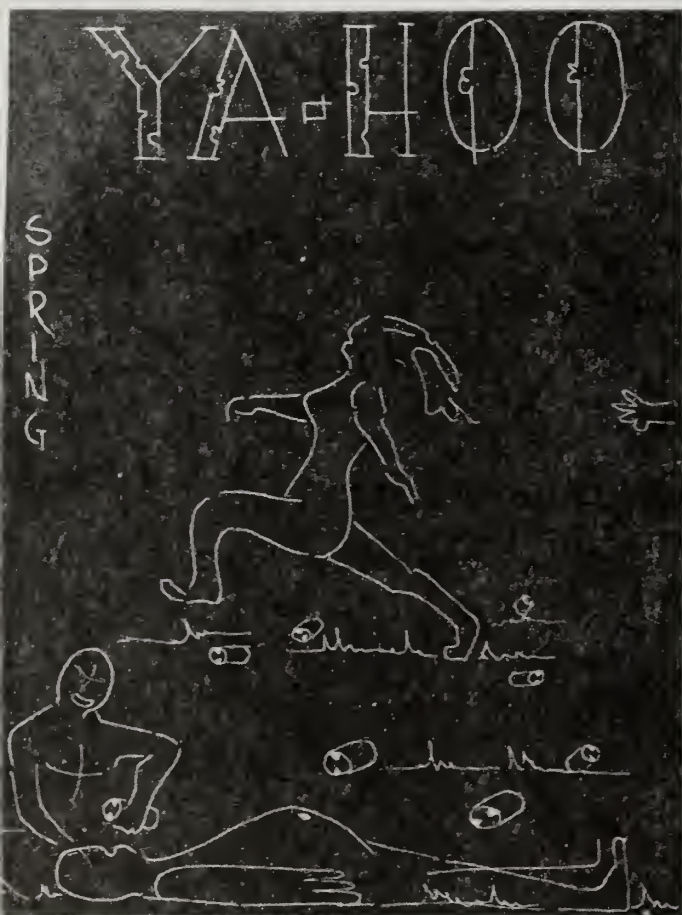
1955 *View of a Frat House*







"Hate to interrupt you Charlie, old buddy, but I have to take my date home."



## On Ya-Hoo and Yahoos

Occasionally a mature sophomore taking English 26 will pop his head out of one of those insane buckets hanging on a tree waving a Rinehart Edition and say: "Is there any connection between *Ya-Hoo* and the Yahoos in *Gulliver's Travels*?" This amazing suggestion of a correlation is most gratifying to us and assures us that there is hope for the survival of intellectualism at the U. of M. yet.

For strange as it may seem, our sophomore friend has struck the nail on its proverbial cranial peak. *Ya-Hoo* gets its quaint title from Jonathon Swift's raunchy chapter, "A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms." To wit:

"I heard the word *Yahoo* often repeated betwixt them . . . and I saw three of those detestable creatures whom I first met after my landing, feeding upon roots, and the flesh of some animals, which I afterwards found to be that of asses and dogs, and now and then a cow dead by accident or disease. . . My horror and astonishment are not to be described, when I observed in this abominable animal a perfect human figure; the face of it indeed was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide . . .

"By what I could discover, the Yahoos appear to be the most unteachable of all animals, their capacities never reaching higher than to draw or carry burdens. Yet I am of opinion this defect ariseth chiefly from a perverse, restive disposition. For they are strong and hardy, but of a cowardly spirit, and by consequence, insolent, abject, and cruel."



**Y-A-HOO**  
GRADUATION ISSUE

EXTRA SIDE APPLIC

OPPORTUNITY  
Manager-Trainee  
PETER PAN SHIRT SHOP  
212 W. Main St. Boston  
OFFICE MANAGER


GOOD OPPORTUNITY  
Megol Operator  
Inventory Clerk, Charlestown

BOOKKEEPER  
RETAIL FLOWER SHOP  
PAINTERS  
MEN  
HOWARD JOHNSON'S  
HARDWARE SALES  
CARPENTERS' HELPERS  
CARPENTERS

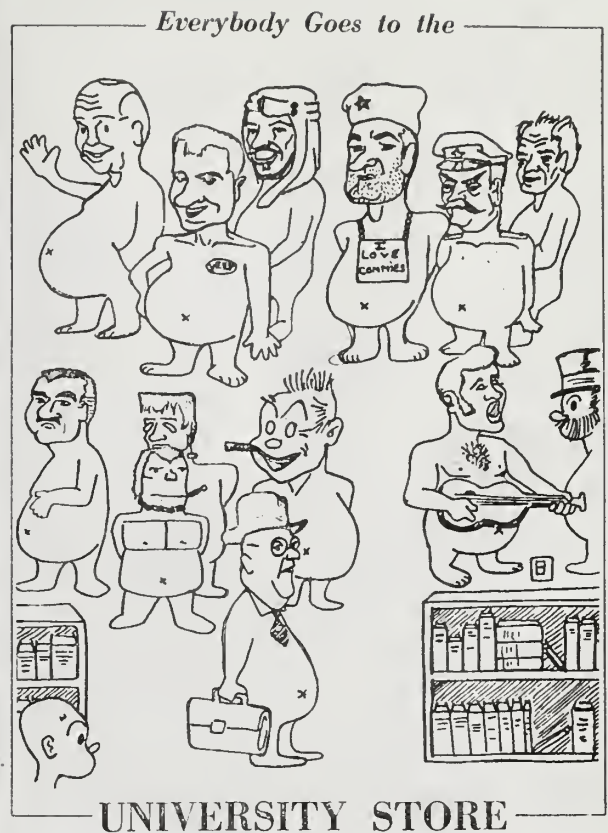
TAILOR  
JANITOR  
HOWARD JOHNSON'S  
TAXI DRIVERS  
LUBRICATION  
SODA FOUNTAIN

Advertising Salesman  
COOK  
SHIPPING ROOM  
DRIVER SALESMAN  
Lehman's Repair  
KITCHEN MAN  
PAINTERS  
RETAIL SALES

WENTWORTH TUNING  
NORTH END  
CIDE J. JONES  
YOU SELL  
KITCHEN CLEANER  
BUSBOYS  
JACK & MARION'S  
COOK  
RD. RECEIVER, \$600  
E CLERK  
DUCE MAN  
ACCOUNTANT



Vol. 2 No. 3  
25 Cents



It has become necessary to call student attention to the deplorable lack of spirit and imagination that has been shown this spring by those upon whom Ya-Hoo counted for the annual spring pranks that are (or where) becoming as much a part of campus life as Red Blasko or Dirty Lil. We look forward to them every year when the weather begins to turn pleasant and classes drag. Pranks, as long as they don't hurt anyone or damage property, definitely belong, and spring is the time for them.

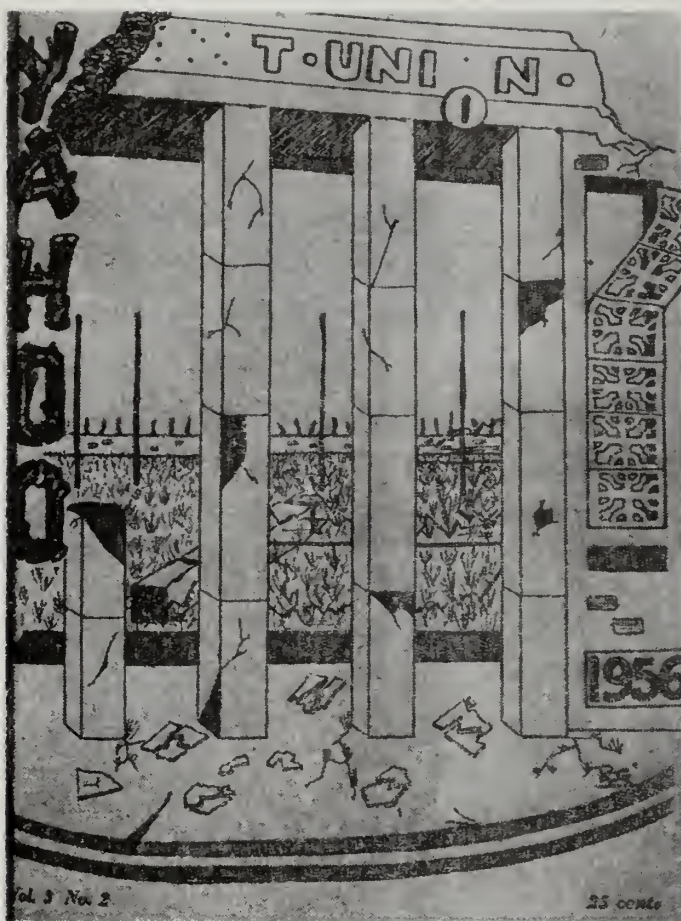
At this writing, however, 1956 has been a

sorry failure in this department. Several feeble attempts have been made, such as the walling up of KKG's front door and painting the ROTC bulletin board (glass and all) black, but the one was poorly executed, and the other involved a willful damaging of property that cannot be condoned. Ringing the Spring Day bells on the wrong day stands out as the best bit of the season. That, at least, showed guts and imagination. Of course it ruined our Spring Day, and we may never have another because of it, but a handful of people had a good time doing it and that's something. This is what things have come to.

It hardly seems like only a year ago that

four hairy-legged Chordettes had the whole campus laughing, especially since two of them are still around, but we tend to get conservative in our old age, and seniors are the oldest people we know.

This is not meant as condemnation of those who should have done the work so much as an appeal to those who might do it next year, and an offer of all the assistance this organization can provide, within the limitations mentioned above. We feel that it is within the province of a humor magazine to lend aid in this type of thing, so next year when the rivers break up and the robins return, rally 'round the flag, boys!



# YA-HOO QUICKY QUIZ

Welcome, welcome, all you beady-eyed little quiz-mongers. Tonight Ya-Hoo has something just for you! Yes, it's another of those Quickey Quizzes, just like you've seen in all the other big magazines. You may think you know all the answers but be careful, these questions are tricky!

True or False:

1. George Washington was the first president of the United States.

Answer: False! Ezika Snurd was the first president of the United States! George Washington was an early king of Mongolia whose name mistakenly entered our records when he applied for a loan.

2. Police Organizations sanction crime.

Answer: True! This is the latest find of several noted criminologists who have proved conclusively that the only effective way to abolish crime is to legalize it!

3. The sky is blue.

Answer: False! The sky is purple with aqua stripes! Our eyes are unable to sense this color due to the presence of large blue clouds which obscure the true sky!

4. One and One are eight.

Answer: False! One and one are thirty-two! Try it on your fingers and see for yourself! Well, it works for me.

5. There is no real Easter Bunny.

Answer: False! This elusive little creature has at last been seen and captured. He is at present writing abstract poetry for the *Quarterly* and may be seen daily at Memorial Hall.

6. Baldness is contagious.

Answer: True! If you are bald it is because you contracted it from a bald friend or relative. Seek revenge!

If you had one to three correct you are a dolt. More than three and you're a liar. Mark yourself on a curve, that way you'll flunk for sure.

Ed McManus '59



"Must you play toesies at a time like this, I hope?"



An Alabama farmer passed away and the preacher came to his wife to get some information about the unfortunate to use in his eulogy at the church service. "Was he an Elk, a Mason, a Woodsman? Did he belong to the Chamber of Commerce, the Ku Klux Klan?" asked the preacher.

"What is the Ku Klux Klan?" asked the bereaved wife.

"Well, you might say that's the devil under a sheet," explained the preacher.

"That he was!" she replied with a timid smile.

The traveling salesman found himself far out in the country. It was bedtime, and he was very tired. On coming to a farmhouse, he stopped and asked the farmer if there might possibly be a place where he could sleep that night.

The farmer frowned thoughtfully, then replied that he didn't have a spare room. However, if the traveler would like to go upstairs and sleep with the redheaded school teacher, it was perfectly all right with him.

The salesman drew himself up and said, "Sir, I will have you know that I am a gentleman."

To this the farmer answered, "So is the redheaded schoolteacher."



# YAHOO



"CAPITALIST!"



"HOW'S MY WHAT?"

Owen R. Dorf asks:

## Does DuPont hire men who have definite speech impediments?

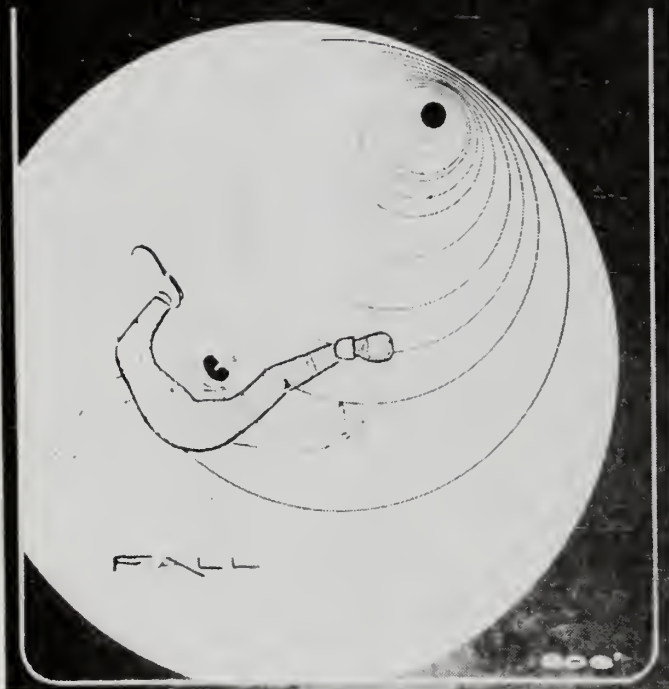
Owen R. Dorf, Jr., expects to receive his B.S. in Arithmetic from the Homer Free Academy in June, 1957. He is now head of the education committee of the local chapter of Tau Beta Phi, and is con-

sidered an all-around good guy by his teachers. Owen's question is meshing at this very moment in the gears of many engineers planning a technical career.

Goodman answers:

Why yeth indeed, Owen uth plain folk down here in Wilmington thure do hire men with definite thpeech impedimenth. We hire juth about anybody that hangth hith brainth from hith belt. We have a lot of fun with them. We all have fun down here at DuPont whether we have definite thpeech impedimenth or juth do not know

any worth. We thpend long hourth juth rolling in rubber thement and thrashing our happy heelth in the air and we play loth of great mathematical gamth that you would probably like with your background of arithmetic. We would thay definitely to try and thignal to thomeone even if you find it impothible to talk to them. We like you ath you are.



I was weekending with an Englishman and his wife. Entirely by accident I happened upon the Englishman's wife in her bath. Making a hurried retreat, I immediately sought my host who was reading in his room, and proffered an apology. He brought his head up and out of his book and replied most phlegmatically—"Skinny old thing, isn't she?"



A girl was telling a boy friend that she realized she was very popular, but she didn't know why.

"Do you suppose it's my complexion?" she asked.

"No."

"My figure?"

"No."

"My personality?"

"No."

"I give up."

"That's it."



Conscience doesn't keep you from doing anything wrong: it just keeps you from enjoying it.



If only it weren't so damn middle class.



# Ya-Hoo

BENEVOLENCE YUSHNIK



SPRING

## "Dick and Jane"



by the author of *Baby Sue*, *Spot and the Hydrant*,  
*Tim Bites Mother*, and *Look and See*

A strange tale of brother and sister and the shameless desire they shared. Shockingly true. Candid in its every detail.

Every day Dick heard them say, "Look, look and see;" every day he saw them Run and Jump; every day he saw Spot hide his bone. He hated them all. He loved only his sister, and if doing so meant damnation, then damned he would be.



Dick and Jane made a ball of snow.  
It got bigger and bigger.  
Dick and Jane laughed together.  
Baby Sue was inside.



Dick said, "Let's have a date, Nancy and Sue.  
We will go swimming in the quarry.  
Dick is a trouble maker.  
He should be watched."



Dick saw Sally.  
"Let's have a date, Sally.  
We will go swimming in the quarry."  
Dick is a trouble maker.  
He should be watched.



Baby Sue plays hide-go-seek.  
Baby Sue knows many places to hide.  
Mother finds Baby Sue in a deserted ice box.  
She has been hiding there for three days.



Dick and Jane go to Alice's party.  
Dick gives Jane's doll to Alice.  
Jane hates Alice. Jane hates Dick.  
She plots to kill them both.



Look at Alice blow out the candles," says Jane.  
It is a nice party."  
It stinks," says Dick. "Alice has bad breath."



Dick and Jane ride down the hill.  
Dick steers, and Jane holds him tight.  
Dick likes to steer.  
He likes Jane to steer even better.



"Oh, good," said mother. "Where did you find her?"  
"At the quarry," said Policeman Bill.  
"She was with Dick." Dick is a trouble maker.  
He should be watched.

## The Perfect Gift For All Occasions

Have you had an apocalyptic moment today? Have you experienced a primal confrontation? If not, if you, too, are leading a dull and ambiguous existence, lost in the atomic nomadism of the declining American male, then we have just the thing to put a bit of eschatological fury in your existence — a remarkable little volume which has earned the plaudits of thousands of businessmen, executives, community leaders, and clergymen.

## The Holy Bible

### The Greatest Success Story Ever Written

This remarkable and powerful work revolves around a single personality—one of the most significant and startling characters in the history of world literature. His name is God. At the outset of this epic tale, he is a brilliant and creative individual—a tribe overbearing, perhaps, but undeniably a genius. Then, bit by bit, he finds that his world is crumbling about him. He lashes out in fury, becomes embittered and cynical. Against a panoramic background of war and passion, we watch him as he seeks to find himself, to control the violent energies which throb and pulse within him.

We cannot reveal the climax of this monumental struggle—and we ask that you do not reveal it to your friends who have not yet been able to obtain copies at their booksellers. We can only say that the publication of *The Holy Bible* is an event in publishing history. It ranks with *Doctor Zhivago* as one of the most significant books to appear in recent years.

Reserve a Copy Now

A lawyer, a doctor, and architect and an ardent American communist fell to arguing over which profession had been established first in the world.

"A lawyer, of course," said the first. "Man could never have survived without a few simple laws to govern him."

"Nuts," said the doctor. "Without a gynecologist, how could Cain have been born?"

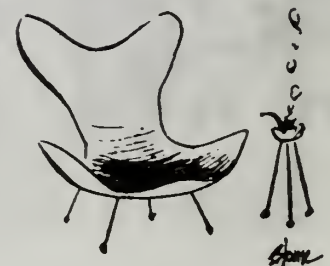
The architect sneered. "Long before that, my friends, before Adam and Eve, some architect must have been on the job to bring order out of that chaos."

"Aha, ha," beamed the communist. "And who created that chaos?"

A Texas student was driving along the Dallas highway one night. His car veered off the road, shot down an embankment, flipped over twice, and cracked into a tree, finally winding up upside down.

The student had just crawled from the wreck when a state policeman arrived on the scene. Surveying the scene, the policeman asked the youth if he had been drinking.

Indignantly, the student replied: "Certainly—what do you think I am, a stunt driver?"





# Ya-Hoo

## YA-HOO FRESH AIR APPEAL

Send An R.O.T.C. Cadet To Camp This Summer



FALL 1958



Every year thousands of college juniors enrolled in advanced R.O.T.C. COURSES ARE UNABLE TO ATTEND SUMMER CAMP. These are good boys, deserving to share in the joys of six wonderful weeks of fun in the country. Unfortunately Uncle Sam just doesn't have enough money, realizing this we of Ya-Hoo ask our readers to contribute to this worthy cause.

Those fortunate boys selected to participate will be given the opportunity to romp in the muddy boon-docks of Kentucky, the barren plains of the mid-west, or the salty swamps of South Carolina. Like other advanced cadets, they too will learn the latest methods of killing and maiming; they too will fill their ears with the deafening roar of cannon fire and their eyes with the smoke from phosphorous bombs.

Remember the right to kill is everyone's concern, and if YOU, the public, fail to provide the funds to send these eager boys to Summer Camp, you will be breaking their hearts, you will be depriving them of their deserved reward, and mainly, you will be taking your life in your hands, because these hopped-up kids might start knocking off you citizens!



"Governor, disa my boy Mario. He lika to work  
for da State next summer. O.K.?"

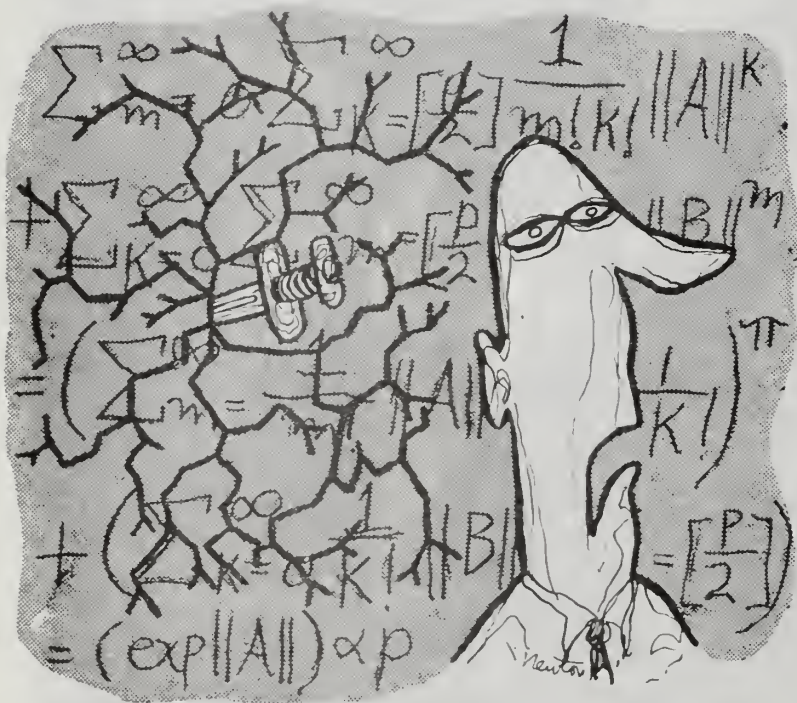
1958-9





\*

\* Missed one of these lately, anyone?



"If one wishes to dispute a point in this class, the correct procedure is to raise one's hand!"

"Let's get one thing straight! This will not be a snap course!"



# The Illy-Id

## Part I.

Paris, the prince of Troy, after sailing to Mycenae and enjoying the hospitality of Agamemnon and Menelaus, stole Helen, the latter's wife, and sailed away again. This sailing back and forth to Mycenae was a marvelous feat considering that Mycenae was over seventeen miles inland.

Although this maneuver was remarkable, the fact remains that he did sail to Mycenae and abducted the fair Helen. It was evident that this abduction was on Paris's mind for he arranged a cocktail party to lure Helen aboard ship and was ready for departure on a moment's notice.

(It might be well to note that Greece was dry at the time and Helen was more than willing to partake of some alcoholic refreshment.)

Nevertheless, Paris boarded his bireme with the anxious Helen coming across the gang plank behind him. Historians point to this gang plank even today. Had it never been lowered, the Trojan war never would have been waged. But lowered it was – and Helen “came across.”

Agamemnon was furious and prepared to take vengeful action for the seduction of Helen and the downright inhospitable way in which it was done. Menelaus was also angry about the incident because it interrupted his afternoon meeting with a delegation of Vestal Virgins. Besides that he was tired of his fourteen year old wife's pranks that were often staged for the amusement of his brother Agamemnon.



Hector, this is Homer, a Greek war correspondent. He says the Greeks are going to try the old horse gag on us.



Wily Odysseus, wily Odysseus, well your wily Odysseus just bugged out with his ships, men, and forty slave girls.

## Part II.

In time, Agamemnon, yearning for Helen, and Menelaus, tiring of his social obligations, decided to get away from it all.

Agamemnon issued a bill increasing the tuition at the University of Athens in order to collect enough money to wage war on the Trojans.

They gathered together a fleet of 1000 ships which were assembled in the Mycenaean Harbor. In order to accomplish this feat, they had to build launching ways seventeen miles long.

Sailing the Mediterranean Sea lying between Argives and Illium was the only way the Greeks could travel. They were disappointed, however, as they hoped to be able to try the overland route afforded them in the Red Sea, unaccustomed as they were to sailing on the water.

Sometime after leaving Achea, the fleet was high and dry on the shore of Troy, which was not seventeen miles inland. The Argive force, streaming from the ships in their armor and carrying various destructive devices, put on quite a show.



Okay, okay, Paris, I'll take her back.



Well Agammemnon, I've doctored Homer's reports, now it looks like we won.

The next morning at precisely 8 A.M., the forces met and according to war ethics, commenced firing. Among the Greeks was a young fellow called Achilles, son of a god\*. He was renowned for his feats of daring and prowess as reported by an intelligible poet. Achilles was certain of victory and a swift return home. Unfortunately for the aspiring warrior, his first opponent was an illiterate hoplite who had never read Homer. Thus this Trojan was unaware of Achilles' invulnerability. Not knowing that he could not kill Achilles, he killed him.

At six in the evening war was called on account of darkness. Both sides retired to their trenches and amused themselves by playing a game called "three on a match".

\*A marvelous device against the taint of illegitimacy.

### Part III.

The next day the Greeks again began their attack upon the Trojans. Carnage and Pillage were rampant but aside from these two, no one else so much as threw a stone. Aeneas, at the head of the army, met his opponent, a Thebian, who also in civilian life was in the construction business. Both men chatted amiably until Rome was mentioned. Ironically enough both men were in the process of bidding for the city's construction and incensed that the other might be underbidding. They engaged in hand to hand combat - ughs and oohs were interspersed with the latest in building jargon. Aeneas aroused the Thebian with "your old man's as leaky as a faucet". This insult was not taken lightly - the Thebian's father was the inventor of the washer.

And he sliced his opponent into two unequal parts. Once again the sun set and back to the trenches.

### Part IV.

Nineteen years after Paris and Helen set sail from the harbor of Mycenae, a motley crew of Greeks were still intent on regaining Menelaus's wife. And after nineteen years, Paris was quite eager that they succeed.

The Greeks had secret meetings in order to arrive at some unorthodox method of doing the Trojans in. Homer, a disgruntled war correspondent, was not admitted to the meetings. A Greek by birth but an expatriot by conviction, Homer was a reporter for the Papyrus of Cairo. Unable to get any news from the Greeks, he vowed revenge on them. So after a short period of spying, he slipped through the Argive lines and made his way to Troy. Once there he convinced a Trojan officer to take him to his leader, Hector, the commander-in-chief received him with praise and thanks. He readied the troops and prepared for the enemy. All the Trojans were alerted to be on guard for the Argives carrying packages lest one should contain a time bomb.

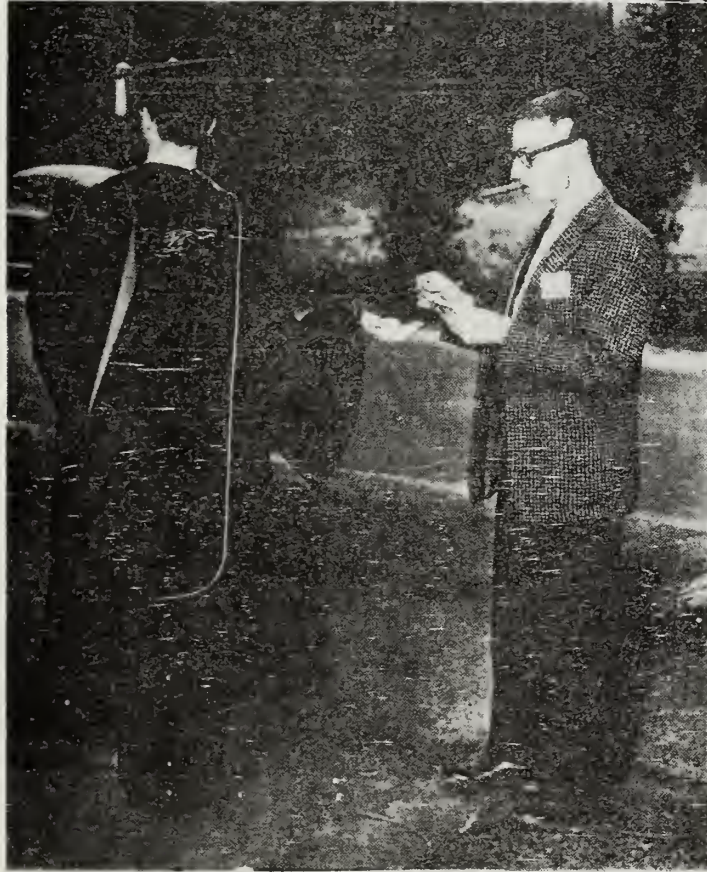
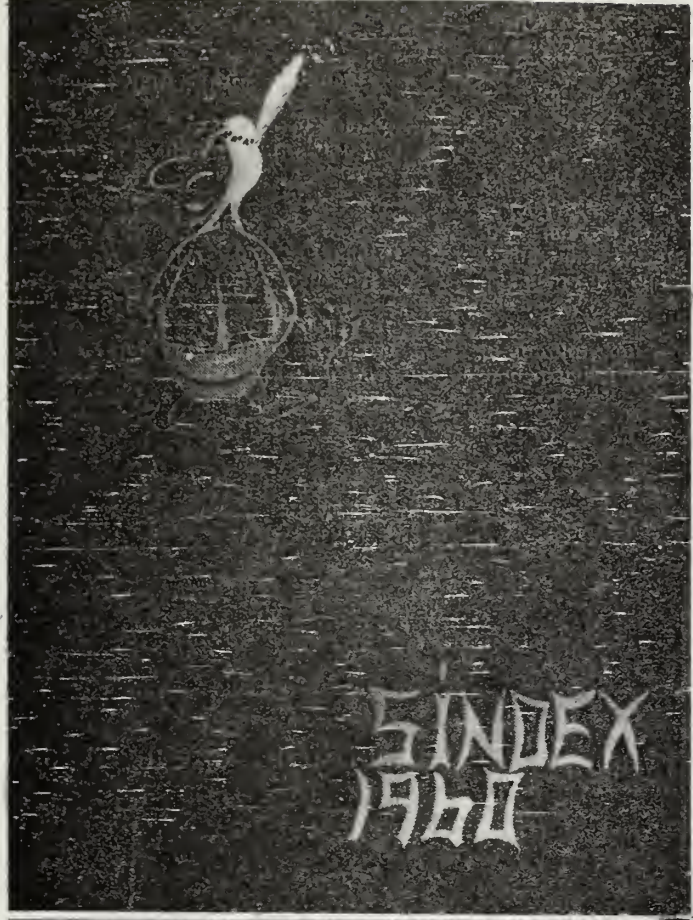
The Trojans set up a committee to arrange alerts and practice drills. However the Greeks, unbeknown to Homer, were intent upon a scheme of germ warfare and polluted the Trojan water supply with the Asian Flu. Everyone died except Hecuba who cried about it. Unfortunately for the Greeks, Helen died too and the war was called. Neither side was victorious.


Homer was so sure that the Trojans could outsmart the Greeks that he submitted his interpretation of the war to a publishing house who distributed several copies at Random. When the Greeks received their copy, they found it necessary to change the general trend of thought in order to make it appear as though they had won.

### Part V.

Homer was banished from Greece and in want of something to do decided to write the memoirs of Odysseus.





  
 The Commonwealth of Massachusetts  
 Executive Department  
 State House, Boston  
 Foster Forkelo  
 Governor

Greetings.

It is once again my pleasure and privilege to extend to the administration, faculty and students at the University of Massachusetts my personal felicitations. To tell the truth I have to do it because you expect it, even if you don't read it. But I do take a wonderful picture don't I. Sorry I didn't mean to digress.

We're here on a . . . on a . . . on a . . . tonight mound, for is it candleflame (stump), oh, I mean Baron Holo, have been carefully watching the progress that is progressing thru progress at your progressive school.

The building program, as you may well be aware, is in full swing. No where can you go on your campus without seeing a hole being dug, filled or being fallen into. That's progress.

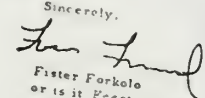
The buildings themselves are prepiring monuments to man's creative dreams. One of the buildings we are especially fond of, and I know you are too, is the building where the lady ever the loud-speaker says, "Will there not eating in the building please make room for those who do not pay!"

And all the other accomplishments at the University are a constant sore of pride to all of us in the Commonwealth. For instance the beno attitude: There will be no Friday night parties drinking coffee breaks without hostesses.

Your faculty certainly deserves credit for working overtime thinking these things up. (I made a slight error here by ending a sentence with a preposition and if any of you are offended I apologize and agree, ending a sentence with a preposition is something up with which I cannot put-- ah up-- ah with-- I cannot-- him.

And in closing I would like to say to all the faculty whom I promised to remember in my next address.

Hi there faculty.

Sincerely,  
  
 Foster Forkelo  
 or is it Foster Furculo  
 well you all know who it is.

## STUDENT SENATE



From Row, LR--Cash Oswald Draton, Prudence Penaltion. Second Row, LR--Vice-President Dan Two big, President Robert Over, Senator O'Driscoll. Back Row, LR--Robert Armstrong. The silent Three.

Opening under a revised edition of Robert's Rules of Order called Bob's Wednesday Night Bible. The Student Senate keeps forty-one students from doing anything better with their time. With a propensity for confusing issues, amending amendments, and suppressing student opinion the Senate still manages to balance their budget even if it means sending the Drill Team to Cuba to guard our touring students.

This year the S.S. oh those are wonderful initials--was found to have six secretaries, three raiders, and twelve members of Marion Key-its, latter fellows were bought at a

special sale for two in order to allocate efficiently the four million dollar Student Activities Tax Fund. While working long and hard at this task, the Senate succeeded in placing extra-curricular activities as the number one concern of the Student Body.

In addition to their normal duties, the Senate this year legislated twenty-two new traditions including a revolutionary Spring Day which is to be held July 4th at 3 P.M. in the Sahara Desert where amais will be issued to the men and given to the women. (The first fifteen people observed not having fun will be seriously reprimanded.)

J. Pasten



Mar. 1960

# NEW YAHOO



Tick, tick, ticking...  
it clicks across the outer edge of the senses  
—the sound of a woman crossing a tiled floor

Heads turn like radar  
to pick up the source

A smartly styled shoe

A lovely leg

A chic dress

A strawberry soda

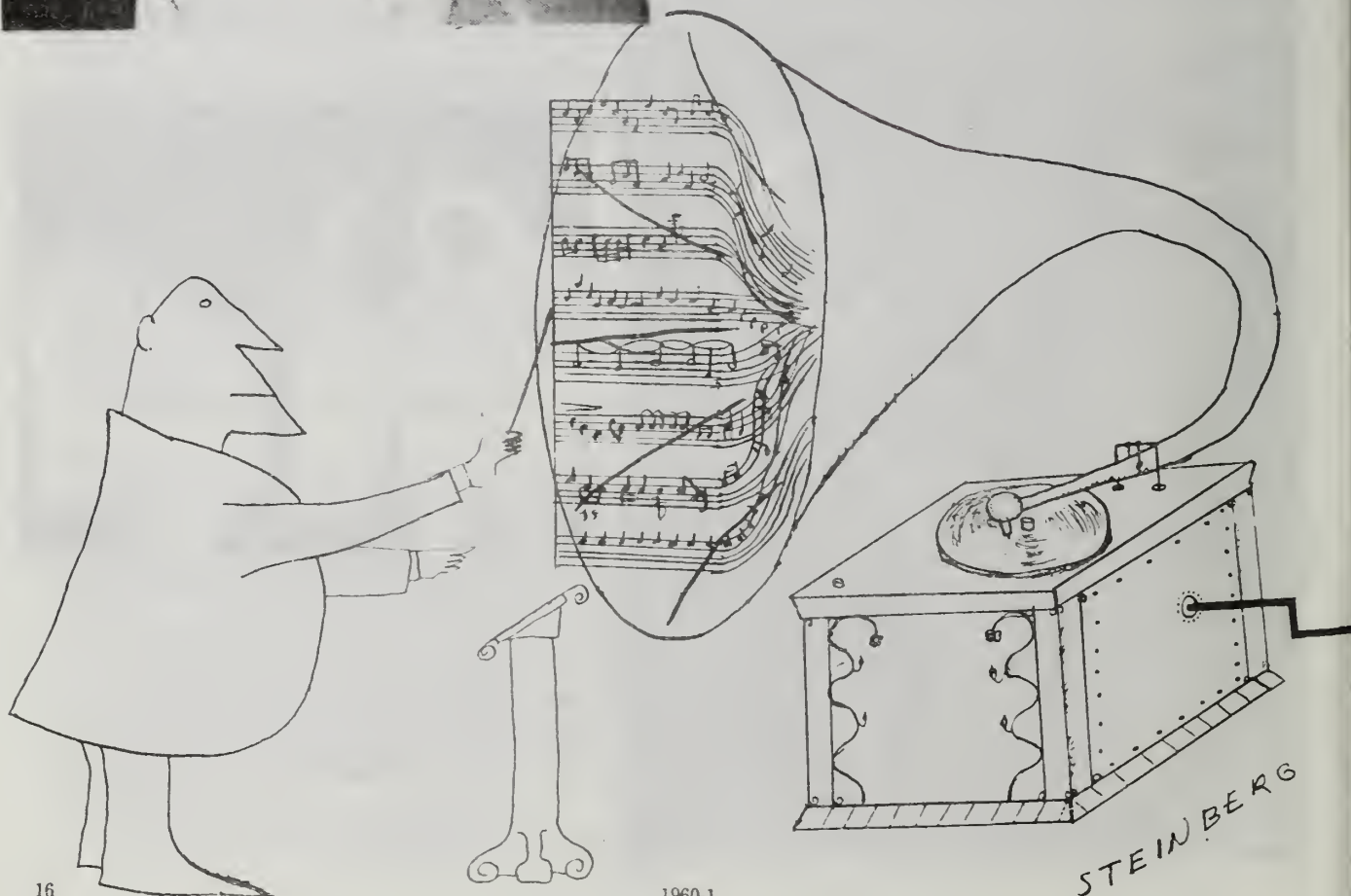
And pie

A'

La

Mode

... False alarm





# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NINETY-SEVENTH annual Stock-bridge bull-cutting Thursday, March 15, at Grinnel Arena. Begins promptly at 8:00 P.M., with the first ball being thrown out by President Lederle.

R.O.T.C. Mass Drill Thursday, March 22, at Alumni Field, 11:00 A.M. Drill will be picketed by Synthesis group, led by Thoreaux and Schneek. Picketers will be picketed by local chapters of the D.A.R. and John Birch Society, led by Timothy Buckley. Picketers, counter-picketers, and cadets will be arrested by Chief Blashole, in keeping with campus tradition.

Y.A.F. Young Americans for Fascism, symposium Friday, March 23, at 8:00 P.M. in Bowker Auditorium on "The Dangerous Liberalism of Barry Goldwater." They will be attacked by Synthesis, the pacifist group. Retaliation will follow.

ASSASSINATION of President Lederle at Faculty Senate meeting by the Faculty Senate's Young Turks—both of them—Monday, March 25, at 7:45 P.M. in the Senate Chambers. Assassins will be seized. The President will make no final address but will die as he lived, noncommittally.

Period of mourning for President Lederle from Tuesday, March 27 until Friday, March 30. The President will lie in state in the center of the Student Union lobby, much to the dismay of Mr. Lilly, on a catafalque flanked by an honor guard of R.O.T.C. cadets and Precisionettes.

FUNERAL rites for the President on Saturday, March 31, at noon, by the shores of Campus Pond. Four deans and a Morgan horse will be slain and



## A CONCIENTIOUS KICK AT EVENTS INERTIAL

L · E · D · E · R · L · E  
0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0

immolated on the funeral pyre with Dr. Lederle. Refreshments will be served.

BOARD of Trustees meeting Saturday, March 31, at 8:00 P.M. Not open to public.

FILMS. Double feature Sunday, April 1, 1:00 P.M. in the Union Ballroom. First film is remake of old Dietrich movie "Blue Angel," which originally won high regard for U.S.A. theater when shown in Europe. Second film is movie of European audience leaving re-make in disgust.

MUSIC. Chubby Checker concert Wednesday, April 4, in the Cage—appropriately enough—at 8:00. (Concert Association will take the rap for

this.) Mr. Checker will demonstrate his new dance, "the Writhe" in which the dancers, imitating Borgia's dinner guests, scream and squirm on the floor—separately. It will be raided. Mr. Checker will leave screaming, "First the twist, and then the whirl."

POLITICS. Friday, April 6, at 10:15 A.M., anarchists will dynamite the east wing of Machmer Hall, new home of the administration.

FENIAN Society meeting Monday, April 9, at 7:30 in the Ulster room, Student Union. Lecture on "Anglophobia on the UMass campus."

INAUGURATION of the new President of the University Tuesday, April 10, in the Union Ballroom at 11:00. Formerly an executive with I.B.M., the new President is a machine.

GREEK Ball, Friday, April 13, at 8:00 P.M. in the Ballroom. First annual appearance of the ghost of Gordie Massingham to the President of I.F.C. on the battlements of the Student Union.

RIGGED Chariot Races. Saturday, April 14, in front of Gooseman Hall at 11:00. Followed by execution of the late President Lederle's assassins, who will be ceremoniously drowned in the Campus Pond by Coach Joe Rogers, who will deliver a humorous monologue.

SPORTS. Sex team meets team from Cornell at Cage Tuesday, April 17, at 7:30. We will be outmatched.

FILMS. Thursday, April 19, at 11:00 in room 209, ROTC Building. Training film "The Court-Martial of General Billy Mitchell." Popcorn will be sold.

The YA-HOO is the official undergraduate humour magazine of the Student Body of the University of Massachusetts. Chairman of the Board Wes Honey, President of the Corporation Tracy B. Wilson, Secretary of the Corporation Joe Patten, Treasurer Bernie Krasnoff. Contributors Aranow, Axelrod, Theroux, R. Wilson, and of course, Fna



I TOLD YOU IT'S THE INDEPENDENT VOTE THAT COUNTS.

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Mr. Editor,

What can a young man, not yet 21; do to aid the political candidate of his choice?

R.Z. Van Meter House

Falsify his age. Ed.

Dear Ya-Hoo Editor,

My father says that the choice of candidates for the elections were chosen at the convention halls in Los Angeles and Chicago, not in smokefilled hotel rooms.

Q.P. Crabtree House

We used to have televised wrestling for people like him. Ed.

Dear Editor,

What, aside from his religion, could keep Senator Kennedy from being elected?

A.E.N. Baker House

Not enough votes. Ed.

Dear Sir,

I am near retirement and wonder whether Senator Kennedy's plan for the aged would cover me?

D.D.E. Washington

Sorry sir it only applies to those working a full time job. Ed.

Dear Sir:

Just what does Senator Kennedy plan to do about the unemployment situation?

F.F. Boston

• We understand that he plans to put all unemployed people to work digging a tunnel from Washington to Rome. Ed.

A donkey is a donkey is a donkey except when it's a Democrat—then it's an ass.

Comrade Editor,

By now it must have become apparent to you that democracy will not work. Do you have any suggestions as to what could be eliminated in the system so that it would?

N.K. Moscow

No, but you would be a start outside the system. Ed.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Why do historians say that the presidents of the United States were not always great men?

A.D. Butterfield

Because Senator McCarthy isn't around any more, Ed.

Dear Sir,

When did Dwight Eisenhower become president?

A.T. Arnold

When John Foster Dulles died. Ed.

Dear Editor,

What did Westbrook Pegler have against F.D.R. anyway?

H.A. Knowlton

William Randolph Hearst. Ed.

Dear Ya-Hoo Editor,

Why do some people vote Democratic, and others vote Republican?

X.Y.Z. Paris

Some people are ignorant and some are stupid. That way, each group can have an association of its own. Ed.



The wonderful thing about campus publications is their autonomy. The editors of all UMass periodicals realize this. The editors of *Ya-Hoo*, alas, were not aware of this wonderful fact when they decided upon what to run on these two pages. On each of these pages there was to be a full page photograph of a well known churchman, bedecked, as it were, with a disc proclaiming his choice for president. Then the editors of this journal found out about their autonomy. The editors were assured, by the powers that be, that the decision as to whether they would, or would not, print these photographs, was up to them.

The editors were further assured that the pictures would not, in fact, be printed; that the administration had already pulled the

pictures, was of no importance. After all, the editors could still agree or disagree with South College. That was the important issue.

The editors of *Ya-Hoo* wish to make it plain that they understand the position of the University administration. They understand that the administration is as free from Beacon Hill pressure and coercion as Hungary is from Soviet influence. They realize, too, that perhaps, these two pictures would have aroused this Commonwealth's bigots to action, and that the administration would have borne the brunt of the zealot's Banzai attack.

Thus, in this election year, the editors of *Ya-Hoo* are proud. Not every campus humour magazine can be a political football. Another first for the *Ya-Hoo*!

*Paid Advertisement*

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# YAHOO

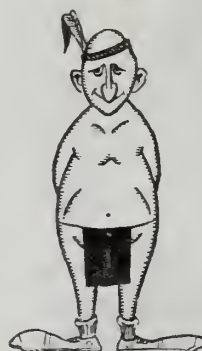
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to that cherished maturity



# YAHOO



UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS  
AMHERST, MASS.

## Yahoo

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35¢



Has the coffee in the Hatch been tasting different lately?



# YANOO

MAN VS. MACHINE



November Issue

Price 1.00

1961-2

17





[illegible]

"Thank God! Now we can all speak German again!"

## YOCKS

The young man made a rather hasty purchase at a drug store and answered the druggist's knowing smile with a short glowing description of the date he had that night.

That evening the young man rang the bell and was invited into the girl's home and introduced to her parents. A general discussion of the weather and other equally important subjects was carried on for some time before the young man said, "It's about time for us to be getting started if we are going to church. Won't you come with us?" he asked the parents.

The girl's parents refused at first, but the young man was so insistent that they finally agreed and the four of them went to church together.

About halfway through the service the girl leaned over to the young man. "I didn't know you were so religious," she whispered. "No," the young man replied. "No, and I didn't know your old man was a druggist either."

One day two soldiers were arguing over a dead animal. One of them said it was a mule, and the other insisted it was a donkey. In a little while, an officer came by and they asked his opinion. He said curtly, "It's an ass; bury it!"

While they were digging a grave for the animal, a WAC came by. She asked, "What are you digging? A fox hole?" — to which they wryly answered, "No."

The Sunday gospel shouter was in great form. "Everything God made is perfect," he preached.

A hunchback rose from the rear of the auditorium: "What about me?"

"Why," said the preacher, "you're the most perfect hunchback I ever saw."

Little Johnnie, being reprimanded by his teacher for being tardy for school, remonstrated with the following excuses:

"Ma woke Pa up in the middle of the night saying she heard something in the hen house. Pa, who sleeps in the raw, grabbed his loaded shotgun and ran out into the yard. Pa stood there, with his gun pointing at the chicken house waiting for something to come out when our old hound dog came up behind Pa with his cold nose. . . and we've been cleaning chickens since three o'clock this morning."



". . . and we were just going to be married . . ."

Three progressive, high-powered rabbis were boasting to one another about the advanced views of their respective congregations.

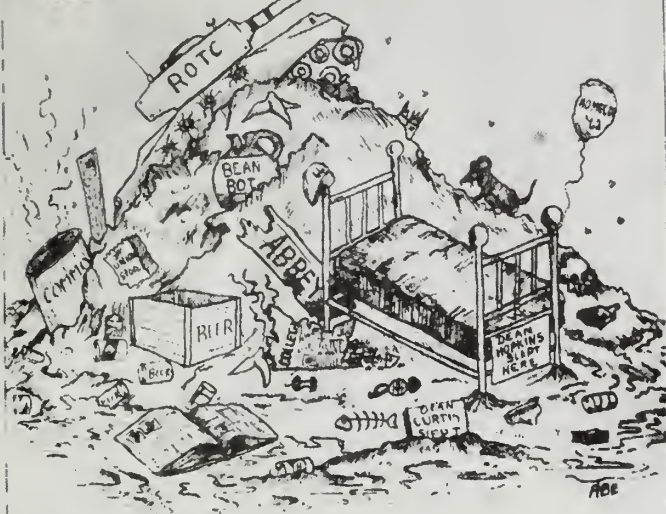
"We're so modern," asserted the first, "we've installed ash trays in every pew so members can smoke while they meditate."

"Pah," minimized the second, "that's nothing. We now have a snack bar in the basement that serves ham sandwiches after services."

"You boys," advised the third, "aren't even in the same class with my congregation. We're so reformed we close for the Jewish holidays!"



# YAHOO



DUMP ISSUE

35¢

## SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

KEEP RIGHT—Barry Goldwater  
BEAR LEFT—General Walker  
YIELD RIGHT OF WAY—Adlai

Stevenson

DEAD END—Ike  
ONE WAY—Nikita Khrushchev  
DANGER

CURVES—Jacqueline Kennedy  
SLOW

CHILDREN—Caroline and John, Jr.  
DANGER

NEW ROAD

UNDER CONSTRUCTION — John  
F. Kennedy

LOADING ZONE—Fidel Castro

THROUGH WAY—Premier Nehru

ONE HOUR PARKING—Tshombe

NO LEFT TURN—John Birch So-  
ciety

He: "Do you know the secret of  
popularity?"

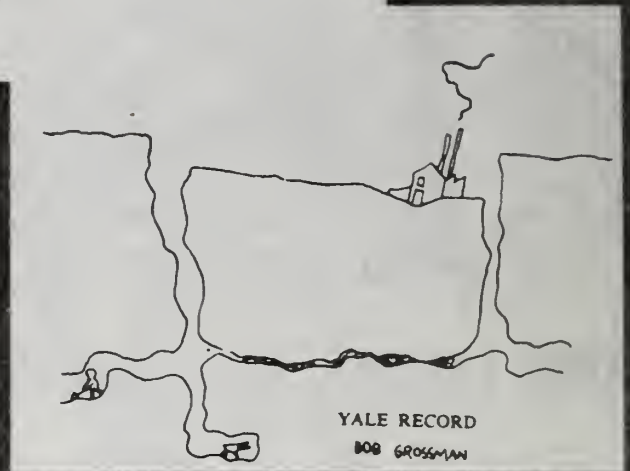
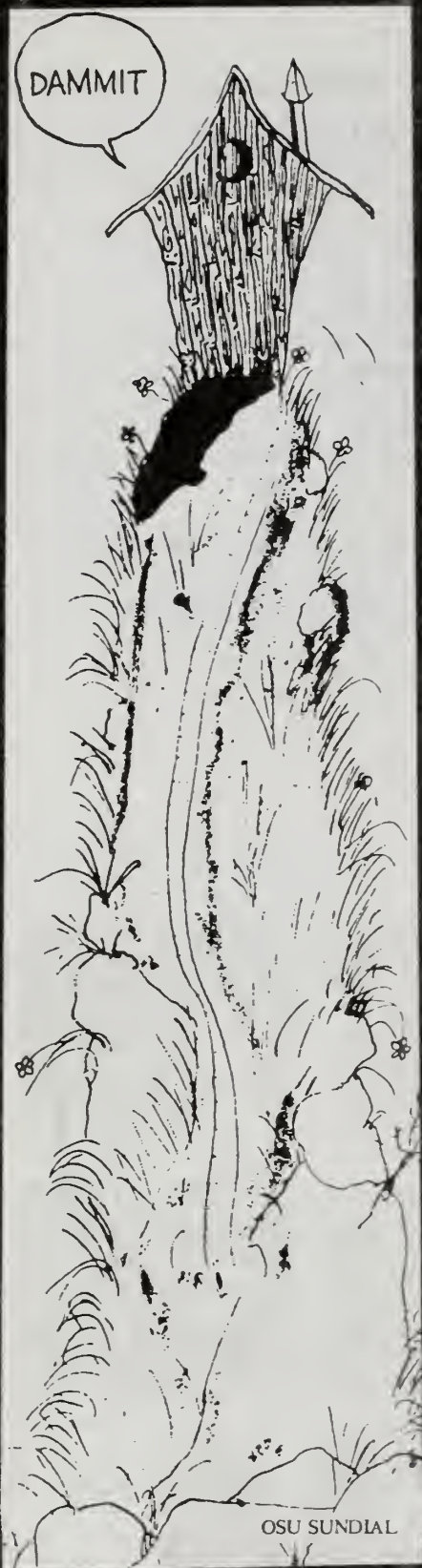
She: "Yes, but not tonight."

What's a Zebra?  
25 sizes larger than a Abra

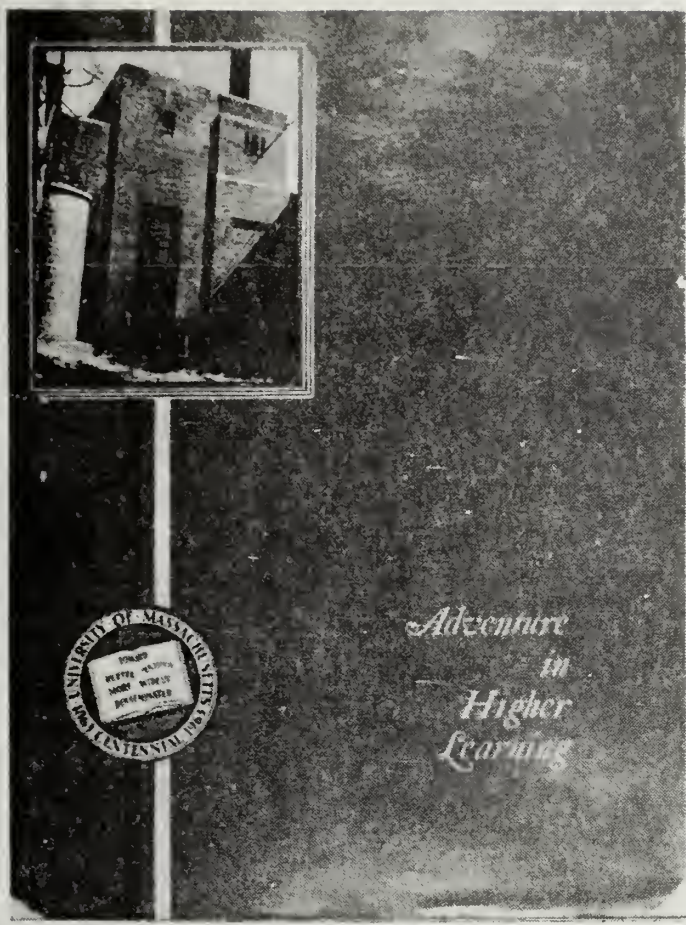
There is a section of Brooklyn which  
was, at one time, almost entirely  
populated by Jews, but has recently been  
heavily infiltrated by Puerto Ricans. We  
were passing through and noted the  
following sign in a little tailor shop:

SE HABLA YIDISH









## Adventure in Higher Learning



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Vol. IX No. 3  
Spring, 1963

Humbly entered as third-class matter in the U.S. Government Official Post Office. Amherst, Mass. 01002. This is the honest and true Humor Magazine of the University of Mass. published irregularly three times a year. It is not for sale. It is the property of the University of Mass. Subscription price is \$5.00 a year. Subscriptions are accepted by mail. Send \$5.00 to the University of Mass. Amherst, Mass. Material from this magazine may be reproduced with proper credit to the University of Mass. All other material is the property of the University of Mass. National Advertising is represented by College Magazines Incorporated.

### THE UMASS CAMPUS

## OVERVIEW



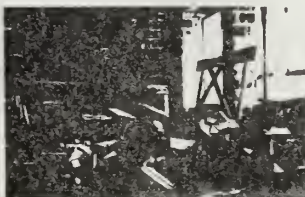
Students entering UMass find the newest of dormitories.



Carefully planned and artistically decorated.



Others may enjoy older, but perhaps more homely, dorms.



Provided with comfortable "wreck" rooms.



To compensate for a few other inconveniences.



Everything possible is done to make dorm life easy. An excellent janitorial service is provided.



And on weekends, most dorm regulations are relaxed to convenience the students.



Dorm life is augmented by a healthful and relaxing scope of extra-curricular activities.



The Hatch, short for Fly Hatchery, offers the campus the chance for a quick nourishment-break in work or play.



Year 'round, happy UMass students and their cows move about the campus with the utmost facility.





Student activities throughout the year are highlighted by many traditional events, such as the Treeing of Freshmen each fall



Or the annual University outing by bus to Eastman Lane



And the hanging in effigy of the head of the physical education department.



There are regularly-scheduled "co-rec" nights



To and from the Student Union



Well-mannered well-educated UMass students abound, attesting to the success of the administration's careful efforts



Thus the UMass student is readily distinguishable in the outside world



As well as one day each year when Student Union officials generously offer the Student Union back to the students, vacating their mammoth office areas in favor of the grass and a safer vantage point



From which to watch the eager students re-enter their building.



Active students demand the best in medical care, and so the new infirmary, with its round-the-clock service



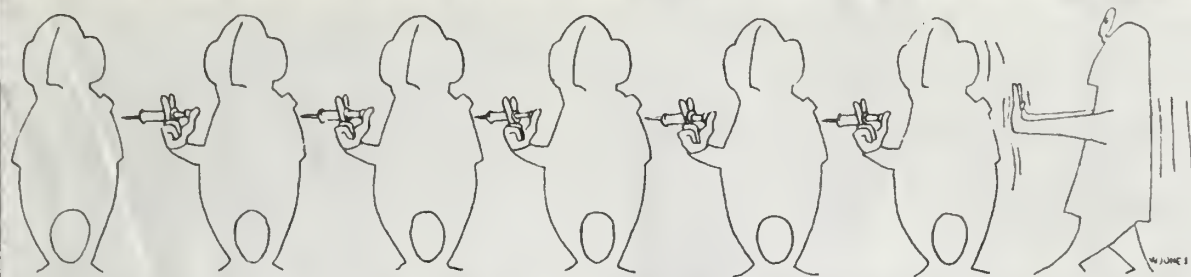
And carefully-supervised dining commons, with its culinary delights.



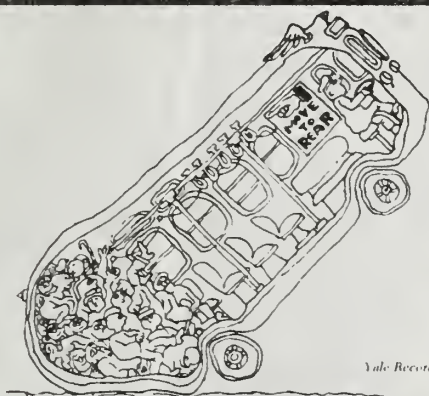
As one walks the UMass campus







Record

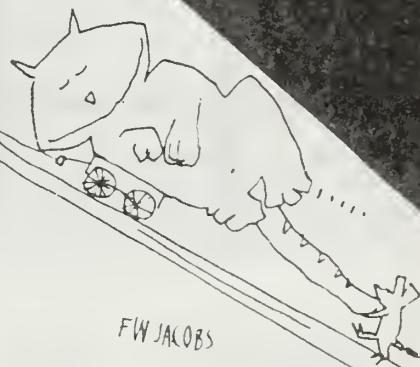
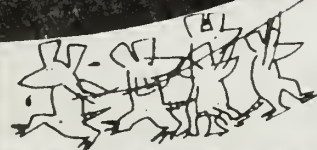


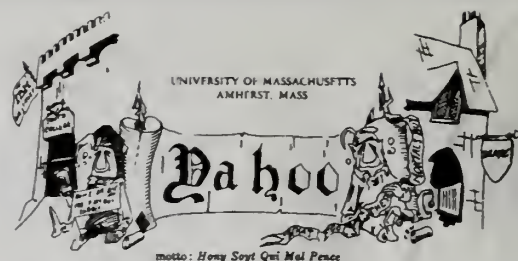
Yale Record



FW JACOBS

—Orange Peel





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"No This Ain't The John! It's A Triple ..."





# Yaboo

motto: *This is my own. You can do all your business direct with him.*  
anonymous

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Wrongfully and regrettably classified as third class matter in the United States Government Post Office (a capitalist monopoly), Ambulal. The illustrious YABOO is the patriotically honest and dignified, true Honor Magazine on the campus of the liberal (very liberal) University of Massachusetts. YABOO is published, exclusively, three times a year, by an undrinkable union of the student population (if you really want to see how we put this mag together, show in at the State College lower three days before its distribution). Subscription price is one dollar for three issues (roughly equivalent to three quarters of Ringgold at a comparable fare) to the editor, \$4.95 to

(Continued on Page 17)





# Little Fanny Hill

BY EVERETT SPEAKER

LEAPIN LIZARDS THIS IS WONDERFUL SITTING HERE  
IN THE "HATCH". LIKE THIS. ALREADY ACCEPTED INTO THE  
INTELLECTUAL ENVIRONMENT AS JUST ANOTHER STUDENT!

FANNY HAS POSTPONED HER CAREER ON AN ATTEMPT TO ATTAIN THOSE HIGHER OF IDEALS; WISDOM, TRUTH AND PSEUDO- INTELLECTUALISM. TO FURTHER HER STRIVE FOR HIGHER EDUCATION FOR A WISDOM DISSEMINATED FANNY HAS CHOSEN THE U OF MASSACHUSETTS - AN OBVIOUS MISTAKE.

GIVE LIZZY HER MAM - SHE'S THE BEST DANCE PARTNER I GOT.

THE DEAN MENTIONED MY MAM - HE OFFERED UP ANYTHING HE WOULD ASK OF OUR FUM. WELL SEE YA LIZZY & FANNY I GOTTA GO - I'VE GOT TO GO - I'VE GOT TO GO - I'VE GOT TO GO.

A cartoon by Dave Coverly from The Simpsons. It depicts a scene where a man in a suit is shouting "LATER" in a box. A woman is screaming "SHAKE IT!" with a jagged sound effect. A man in a suit is saying "I'M GOING TO BE WONDERFUL AND THIS MORNING, EVERYONE'S GOING TO HAVE A LUNAR LUNCHEON YET...". A woman is saying "HEY DADDY!". A man in a suit is saying "WIT".

AND JUST BEFORE GOING DOWN, I'VE FOUND THE ONLY OLD CHAIRS WITH KID LIFT TEST

WELL, IT'S JUST THE ONE AT LIGGAN, OR WAS IT AMBERST OR YALE OR BROWN OR ALL OF THEM

MIND IF I JOIN YOU I'M SAMMY AND I LIVE AT THE HOUSE

I WORKED IN A HOUSE ONCE

DEA

I AD  
MOM

SWIMMING

ARE YOU SWIMMERS?

NO, WE'RE NOT.

ARE YOU SWIMMERS?

NO, WE'RE NOT.



# DEAR PREYBOY



Dear Preyboy: One night while dancing with my girlfriend in a famous night club in Las Vegas, I found her irresistible. I then raped her. She put up a struggle, strangely enough, and the whole thing was frowned upon by the maitre d' because his prize tablecloth was ruined. Did I handle it wrong?

—Dismayed

Sure, you handled it wrong. You should have got her drunk, first.

\*\*\*

Dear Preyboy: Are army boots acceptable at a formal gathering, i.e., tuxedos?

—C. C.,

1492 Columbus Ave., N.Y.

Only if they are black.

\*\*\*

Dear Preyboy: I have heard a rumor that the late Marilyn Monroe was really a man in disguise. Is this true?

—A. Miller,

Hollywood, Cal.

Yes, this is the truth. Although thought to be dead, Adolf Hitler, Marilyn's true identity, was secretly spirited away by SS agents to the United States at the close of the war. He then assumed the identity of a movie starlet, making use of his beautiful body to corrupt the United States, whereby he figured that he could overthrow the government and be President. However, he committed suicide when he learned he was pregnant and the heinous plot came to an end. He sure fooled everyone.

\*\*\*

Dear Preyboy: What kind of ice is best for drinks?

—D. Martin

Cold ice.

\*\*\*

Dear Preyboy: I am a drummer in a famous night club in Vegas. The other night, during an engagement, a man suddenly raped his girlfriend right in front of my snare drum. What should I have done?

P. Hallic Cymbol

Beat it.

\*\*\*

Dear Preyboy: What is the record of the longest kiss ever held?

—Clyde Fern,  
Paterson, N.J.

A Ralph Fremis, on Nov. 27, 1947, went parking with his date, a Miss Pat Migroyn, when the Polident on his uppers leaked, thereby cementing them together. Although he managed to extricate his uppers from his mouth, the plate remained on Miss Migroyn. She now works in a carnival where she eats food without opening her mouth.

\*\*\*

Dear Preyboy: The other day while getting married, my cummerbund snapped off and my pants accidentally fell down. Mooning, my parents, her parents, and the minister. What should I do?

Go to college. They'll never notice you there.

\*\*\*

Dear Preyboy: What would you consider the best: Giacomo de Pasquali's Napolitello, 1898 Chianti, or Le Martinique Sebastiane 1911?

Rheingold 1964.

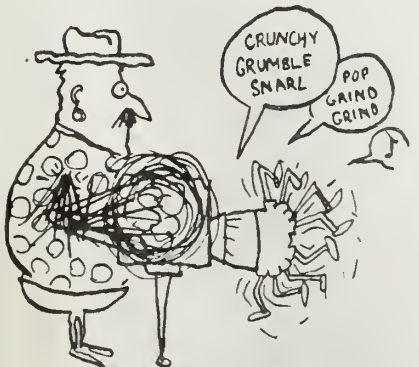
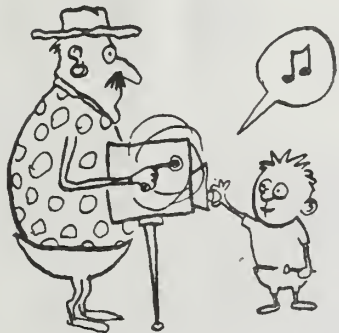
Address all correspondence to:

Preyboy Advisor

241 Intercourse Ave.

Chicago, Ill.

We don't fool around.



—Ranger

# PREYBOY PANTY JOKES

Our unabashed dictionary describes a triangle as when a man falls in love with his wife's boyfriend.

\* \* \*

Joe: I thought that you went to that blonde's apartment to-night.

Mike: I did.

Joe: Then how come you are home so early?

Mike: Well, we were sitting around, chatting, and then she reached over and turned the lights off.

Joe: So?

Mike: I can take a hint.

\* \* \*

He: Any good girls in this town?

She: All the girls in this town are good.

He: How do you get to the next town?

\* \* \*

What a picture it would be!—Cleopatra playing the life of Elizabeth Taylor.

\* \* \*

Our roving secretary commented, "Some of those bachelor apartments have hi-fidelity in one corner and infidelity in the other."

\* \* \*



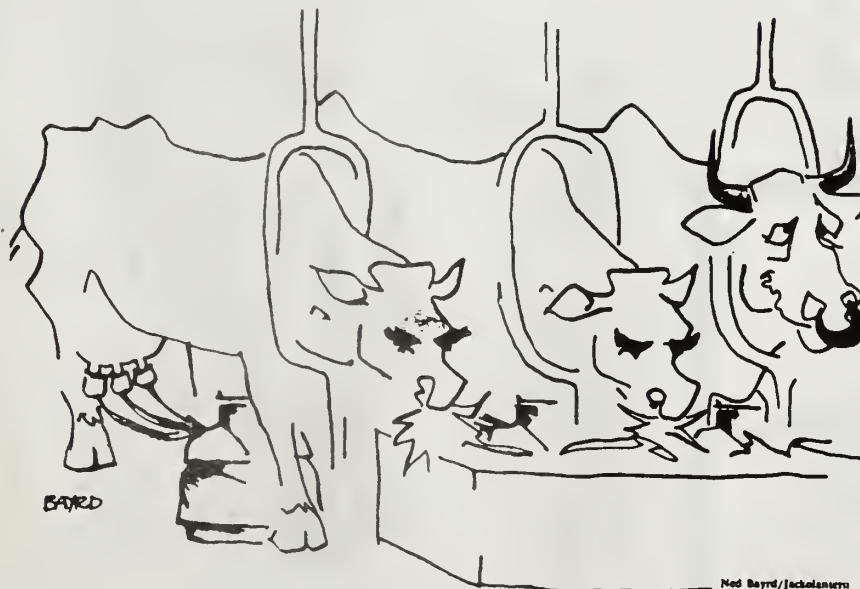




"Do you realize that overindulgence in sex impairs the hearing?" the reform speaker roared.

The Yahoo staff turned to each other and spoke simultaneously: "Eh? What'd he say?"

\* \* \*



Ned Bayrd/Jackolanteru



The Massachusetts politician died and was amazed to find himself at the gates of Heaven.

"What am I doing here," he asked St. Peter, "I cheated people, lied and stole."

"You belong here," replied the old gatekeeper.

"But it's no use trying to sneak in. You must have records..."

"No," smiled St. Peter, "there are too many of you. It would be too much trouble to keep records."

And so the politician entered the coveted world. But just as he passed through the pearly gates, he noticed several beautiful young ladies, well developed, desirable, and strangely enough they were all kicking each other.

"What's the matter with these girls?" he called back to St. Peter.

"They're virgins," said the gatekeeper.

"But why are they kicking themselves?"

"They just found out," replied the gatekeeper, "that we don't keep records here."

THIS YAHOO PARODY ENTITLED...

# MUD

OUR  
PRICE  
**35¢**  
CREEP

...WILL MAKE ALFRED E. NEUMAN WORRY



CROKE AND DAGGER DEPT.

# MUD

VOL. 11, NO. 11

JANUARY, 1965

"This magazine is really the YAHOO in disguise." — Yashnik

Roger Jones — Editor  
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Denny Glosband, Mike Mendelsohn — Literary Editors  
Roy Blitzer — Business Manager  
Mike Tealer — Advertising Manager  
Wes Honey — Advisor Dean Fields — Art Editor

## CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

The usual gang of lechers  
John Canney, Dave Axelrod, Mike Shuman, Niel Scanlan, Dave Gileson, Scott Freedland, Faylis Macalister, Cathy Murray, And Y. A. Cain, Argentina Bernies, the Wensel, Cy, Fud, And of course Jane.

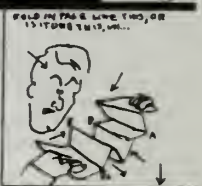
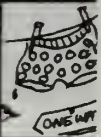
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\*\* Various Places Around the Magazine

Now, you morons, we hypocrites are going to tell you, sarcastically, that this cynical magazine is registered in the warped U. S. Government Official Post Office, Amherst, as idiotic third-class matter. This overly critical magazine MUD is in reality the Yahoo of the demented University of Massachusetts and is published four times erratically on the psychotic year, 1964-65, by the insane students. We're out of our mind when we say that the subscription price is \$1.50 and these eccentric subscriptions are obtained by writing the abominable Yahoo, RSO Box 106, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Mass. Lunatic material may be reproduced by any licensed lecherous college magazine with outlandish, proper credits — copies of which should be sent to the stupid Yahoo, National Advertising hatefully represented by the idiotic College Magazines Inc. © 1965. The gross editors of Yahoo.

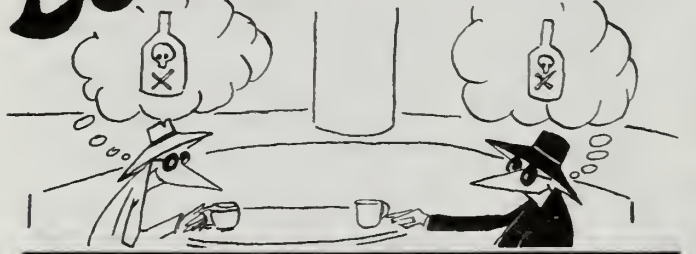
1964-5



FOUR IN THIS LINE TWO, OR  
13 THINGS TO DO...

Artist and writer: John Canney

## DEAN VS STUDENT



THIS ISSUE'S POINTLESS, ONE PAGE  
**MUD FOLD-IN**  
The Other Side Of Alfred E. Neuman

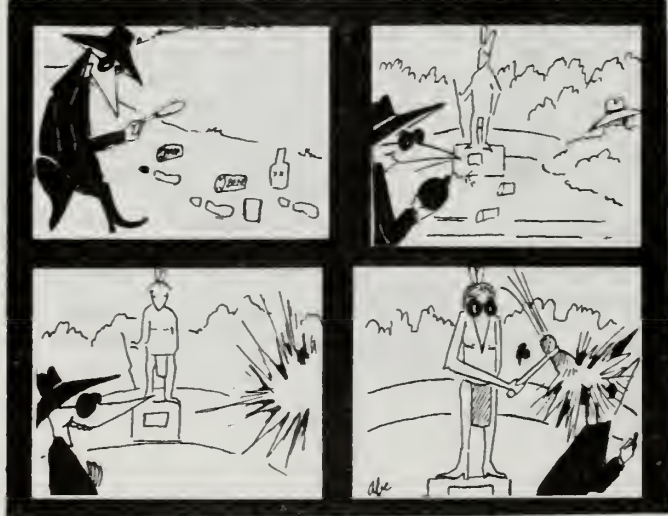
Hold paper here

Fold this section, see

No, this section, you idiot



SINCE EVERYONE HAS READ THIS MAG BY THIS  
POINT THEY KNOW I'M NOT THE IDIOT THEY SEE  
THEY WILL SEE THERE IS ONE MORE COMPLEX





## Artist and Writer: B. Jones



**THIS ISSUE-SPOTLIGHTING  
AMHERST  
MASSACHUSETTS**



38





# Yahoo



"Wild Bill" Field  
Editor

Armand "the Book"  
DeGrenier  
Business Manager



Helen "Curfew"  
Curtis

Managing  
Editor



Bob "The Kid"  
McCartney

Assistant  
Editor

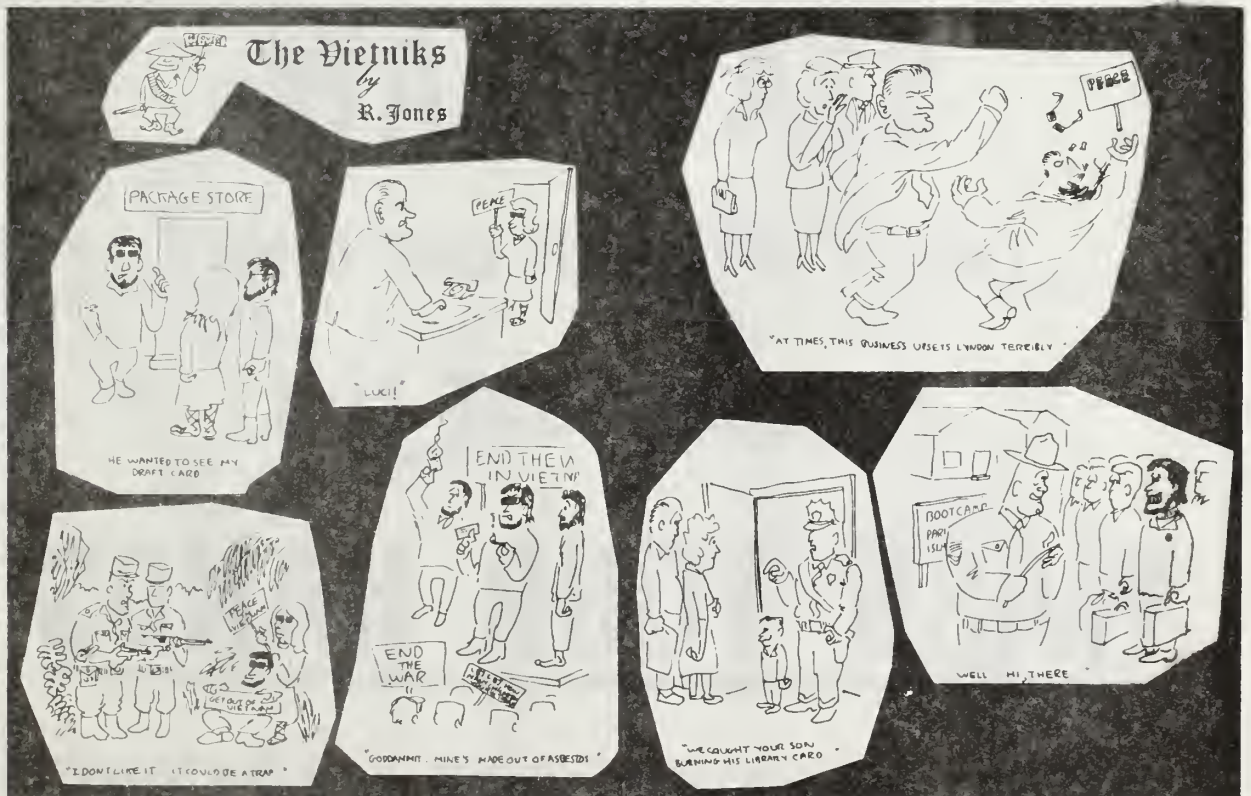


## STAFF

Cinderella  
Carrie Nation  
Sinclair Lewis  
Albert Schweitzer  
Joan of Arc  
Clara Barton  
Florence Nightengale  
Shirley Temple  
Jonas Salk  
Abraham Lincoln  
Pat Boone  
Joe Palooka  
Madame Curie  
John Beresford Tipton  
Rose LaBelle  
Ozzie Nelson  
Mary Pickford  
Walter Mitty  
Caspar Milquet-east  
Mahatma Gandhi  
Clark Kent  
Snow White  
and of course  
J.C.



**TOUGH LUCK, YAHOO.**





"PUPILS..."

# STATE LAW

(HEALTH AND SAFETY CODE 03335)

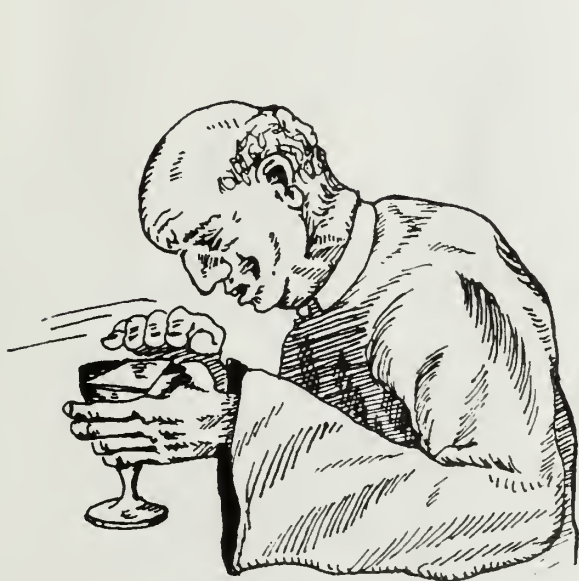
REQUIRE THAT YOU

**WASH YOUR HANDS**

**AFTER READING THIS MAGAZINE**



It was this cartoon that caused the Massachusetts Government to launch a probe into the YAHOO and later led to the magazine being banned for two years.



## Response

These two pages are a sample of the news media and public response to the previous cartoon. It was this campaign by the nameless people and *Boston Record-American* that resulted in the first death of *Yahoo*.

May 19 -

Dear Lane Bram.

Congratulations on your  
magnificent cartoon. Your parents  
and all your friends must be  
proud of you.

I imagine you are training  
to be a garbage collector. You  
have made an excellent start.

Keep up the good work. You  
should wind up in Russia.

An admirer?



DEAR little boy:-

When you grow up maybe  
your mind will also. Hope you  
win a medal for your wonderful  
Contribution to the new Ecumenical  
spirit among Catholics and Protestants.

How can your parents explain you to their friends?

You will certainly go places.

Dear Grand-Bernard

Why don't you cross, resign  
from the University of Massachusetts,  
and join Brandeis. Where you will  
have to pay more than \$400 per  
year. You don't know 77-22.  
Speech from a cow's (match) ...  
If the Beacon Hill boys had any  
girl, they'd be in the measure for for  
high school & went to

# State K of C Blasts Yahoo Mass Slight

The Knights of Columbus joined yesterday in the rising condemnation of the "blasphemous" cartoon strip ridiculing the most sacred



## NEW CLERICAL GARB

Rev. Maurice J. Mahoney, Lawrence, an Augustinian missionary, no longer wears traditional priest's attire, above, while on duty at his post in Japan. Bishop there has given permission for conventional conservative business suit, below, to be worn following Vatican Council meeting.

(AP Wirephoto)



portion of the Roman Catholic Mass which appeared in the current issue of Yahoo, the University of Massachusetts humor magazine. A resolution of condemnation was unanimously adopted at the Knights' annual state convention in the Sheraton Boston Hotel, which said, in part:

"A certain student from the University of Massachusetts overtly demonstrated a sacrilegious affront to our beloved Church by a disgusting portrayal of the consecration of the Mass.

"Be it resolved that the State Deputy submit a letter to the dean of the University of Massachusetts unequivocally expressing our indignation and profound resentment at this affront to all Catholics."

Just who drew the strip interested Sen. Francis X. McCann (D) of Cambridge. He demanded that the newly-formed Free Press Committee at the University make public the artist's name. The Free Press Committee was formed to protest the order of the State Senate to investigate all UMass student publications.

"These lads have failed to distinguish between liberty and license," McCann declared. "I didn't think that academic expression went as far as obscenity, or attacks on religion.

"If they are such advocates of the right of the individual up there, then at least we should know who the individual was who drew that cartoon.

"Along with the right to express an opinion comes the responsibility to be identified with it and to stand up behind it," McCann continued, then asked: "Or are we dealing in anonymous, scurrilous material?"

McCann said he did not feel the senatorial investigation would be a threat to academic freedom.



SHOWERS.  
CLEAR. -  
FULL REPORT  
SEE PAGE 11

# Record American

Boston

10c Cents Everywhere

Thursday, May 19, 1966

64 Pages

COMPLETE

# Needham Youth Bared as Yahoo

**Top News  
Today**

# Cartoonist

POLICE discount boy's  
tale of killing Pa. kidnaper.  
—Page 2

STORY ON PAGE THREE



THE "HEADS WILL ROLL" ISSUE

35c Sales Tax

A man lay dying in the street, apparently of natural causes. A priest ran up to him.

"Are you a Christian, my son?"

The man nodded, and the priest recited the last rites. "Do you have any last wish, my son?"

"Yes," the dying man gasped, "get me a rabbi."

The priest was confused, but did as he was asked. The rabbi came and asked what the dying man wanted.

"I want to convert to Judaism before I die," whispered the man.

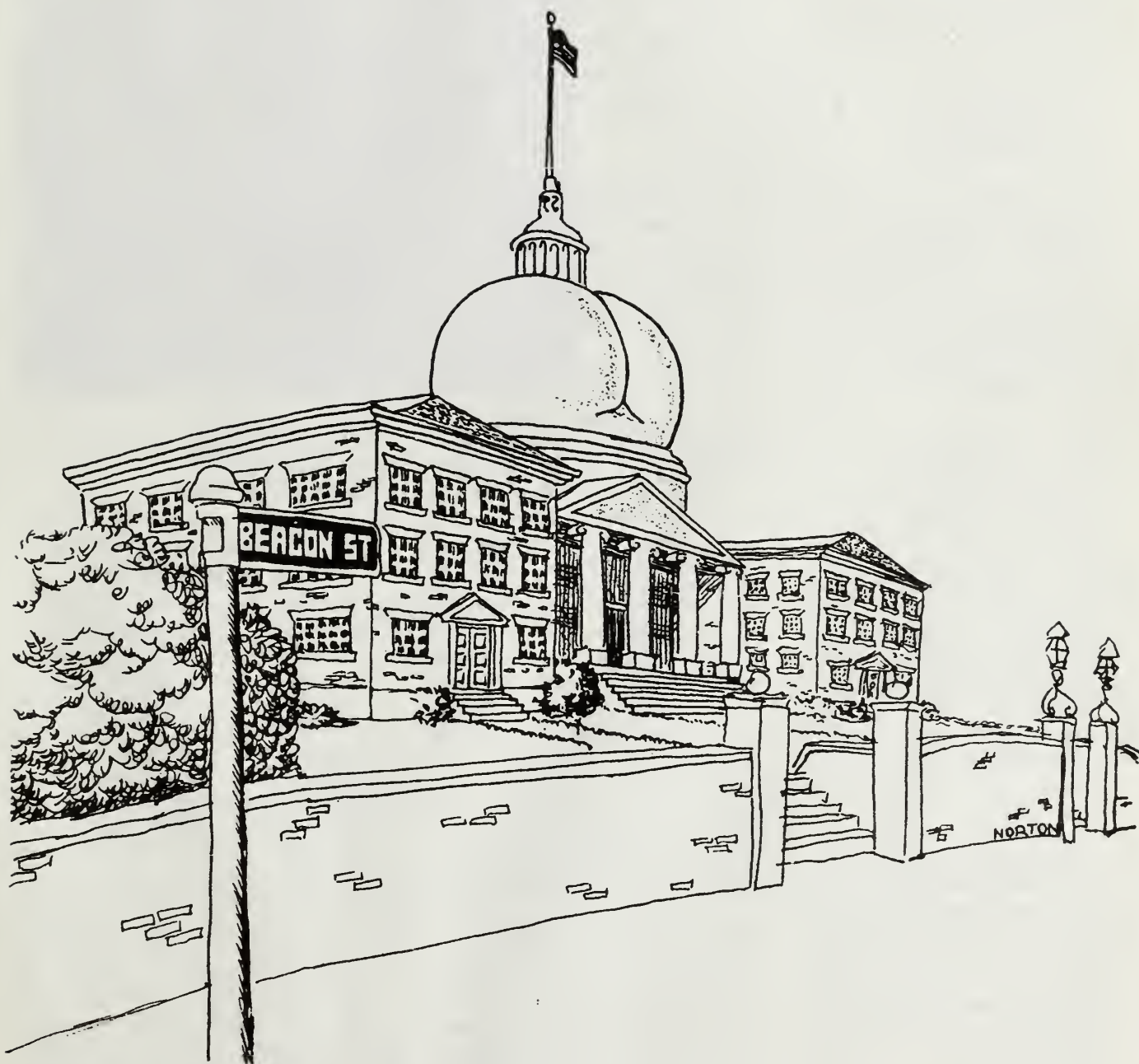
Though it was unusual, the rabbi conducted the necessary ritual. Afterward the priest came up to him and asked, "Why did you do it, my son?"

The dying man rasped, "It is better that one of them should die than one of us."



"WHO ARE THOSE ANIMALS HE'S HANGING AROUND WITH..."





A is for administrator  
and it's like selling our soul  
We've got to thank them for  
being good guys on the whole

B is for Beacon Hill  
the capital down town  
that Golden Dome is

C is for cops

C is for Cops  
so big and so large  
and arresting the yahoo  
on a morals charge

D is for dirt  
we print it here  
while taking our pot  
and drinking our beer

E is for Education  
but not at UMass  
we haven't any money so  
we can't go to class

F is for finagling  
and you can be sure  
you'll find it in Boston  
in the legislature

G is for Gosh all golly  
and Gee Whiz and other  
words you'll find  
plenty of in  
the mag  
in the future

H is for. . . .  
Aw, do we have to say  
A certain legislator  
from the State of the Bay

I is for India  
where the editors are  
'cuz they received tickets  
to go very far

J is for jokes  
political we've selected  
the trouble is that  
they get elected

K is for Kangaroo  
a type of court  
kind the Record American  
is bound to support

L is for Loud  
a kind of a noise.  
Should have been over architects  
instead of college boys

M is for Med School  
which we'll never see  
until about the year  
nineteen eighty three

N is for News  
and we're getting the hint  
that Unlike New York Times it's  
"All the news that fits in print"

O is for "Oh!"  
which politicians will say  
when in November they're  
out of office to stay

P is for Pot  
something the Yahoo  
editors take when  
they turn out all  
that nastiness and  
trash and lewd  
and tasteless...

Q is for queer  
the political situation  
is it just bad in Mass.  
or all o'er the nation

R is for Record American  
our favorite page  
because it works so well  
in our bird cage

S is for sensationalism  
and all of those capers  
to hell (oops) with the truth  
it doesn't sell papers

T is for taxes which  
we all pay  
to the wonderful state  
Massachusetts Bay

U is for University  
where we go to learn  
until the budget was slashed  
now we do a slow burn

V . . . . .

W is for waste  
it abounds in this state  
too bad that taxpayers  
aren't very irate

X is for X-ray  
what should really be done  
to find out what goes on  
in dear old Boston

Y is for Yahoo...  
...heh, heh, heh...

is for Zoo  
a type of a c

Z is for Zoo  
a type of a circus  
There appear people that  
Really can irk us

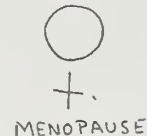
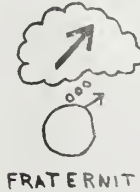


"Bob Johnson . . . is there a Robert Johnson . . . Johnson, Robert Johnson, please . . ."



# SYMBOLIC SEX

BATEASE - COOPER



28

1968-9

## MASS Hysteria

### Yeah! Who?

I'm sure you remember YAHOO. For you Freshmen and Sophomores who do not, YAHOO used to be the name of the University of Massachusetts humor magazine. The general atmosphere it created was one of nausea occasionally punctuated with a burst of genuine satiric humor. The garbage content of the magazine did not bother the administration of the University or the Massachusetts State Legislature, but, unfortunately, the infamous satiric cartoons cut too close to the bone.

The cartoon that began the whole mess depicted a Roman Catholic priest pulling a rabbit from a chalice. This attempt to portray religion as growing from the same background as cults of magic was seen by the Massachusetts State

Legislature as an attack on the Catholic Church by a horde of pseudo-intellectual bigots. Coincidentally, the University's budget was before the Legislature at that time. It's amazing what a little scandalous diversion can do to an educational budget in this state.

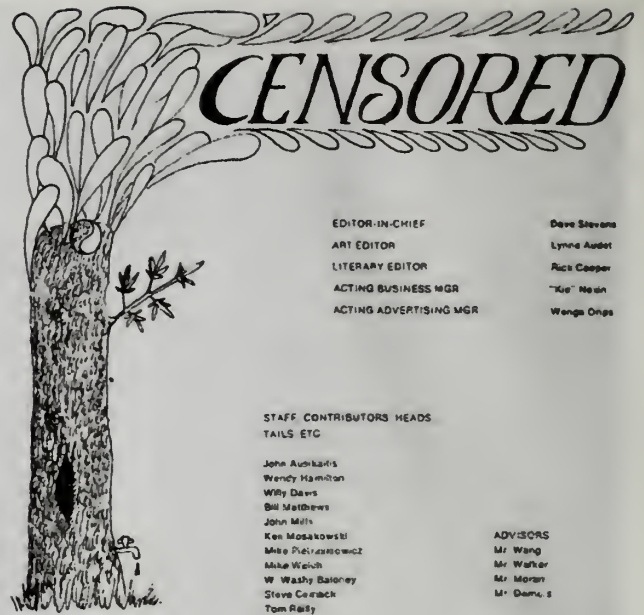
The Senate committee that was to investigate campus publications never materialized on campus. For that we can thank posthumously the Free Press Committee and the three thousand students who signed their petition.

YAHOO was allowed to publish one more issue as a test of its promise to clean up the satire and stick to the absurd production of garbage for undergraduate consumption. Well, the next issue was utterly innocuous. It could have been distributed to third-grade classrooms around the country and

been met with favorable response, except (the plot sickens) for a full-page cartoon on the last page of the mag. It was merely a sketch of the Mass. State House on Beacon Hill in Boston. But, instead of a gold dome, protruding from the top of the building was an enormous ass. So much for the Legislature. So much for YAHOO.

Since that day, so long ago now, when all funds for the humor magazine were suspended (YAHOO couldn't even charge a pencil in the University Store!) the staff of the magazine has had a one hundred percent turnover. The name is gone, the style and attitude have changed, but the purpose is still the same: to present to the University community a magazine explosively packed with topical satire. We also don't mind just making you laugh.

# MAGAZINE



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
ART EDITOR  
LITERARY EDITOR  
ACTING BUSINESS MGR  
ACTING ADVERTISING MGR

Dave Stevens  
Lynne Audek  
Rico Cooper  
"Kio" Neale  
Wenge Origo

## STAFF CONTRIBUTORS HEADS TAILS ETC

John Aukkaris  
Wendy Hamilton  
Willy Davis  
Bill Matthews  
John Mills  
Ken Mosakowski  
Mike DiLuzio  
Mike Welch  
W. Washy Baloney  
Steve Corbach  
Tom Raily  
Yusuf  
Mike Greenblatt  
Bill Such  
Linda Hergison  
Super Warhog  
Beast  
Helen  
and, of course Jackie

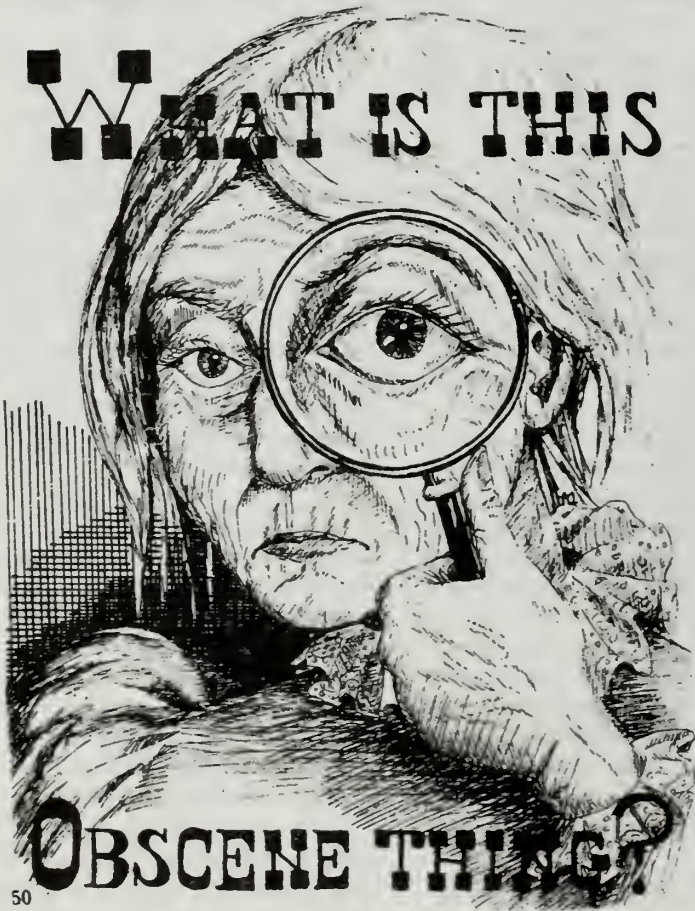
## ADVISORS

Mr. Wang  
Mr. Walter  
Mr. Moran  
Mr. Dams, S

Cover art by Lynne Audek  
title 'MAGAZINE' by Dave Red

This still unmentionable magazine is the one and only humor magazine of the University of Mass. published erratically twice in the academic year: 1968-69, by members of the student organization which may not be called Yahoo. The administration is in no way responsible for its ridiculous content, despite their efforts. Fan mail and thousands of great contributions should be sent to RSC Box 106, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Mass. 01002. Peace on you all & 1968, the Editors

# WHAT IS THIS



## APATHY

Exclusive Article





PARADISE'S DICKENS PRESENTS

AMONG



## The BEST of

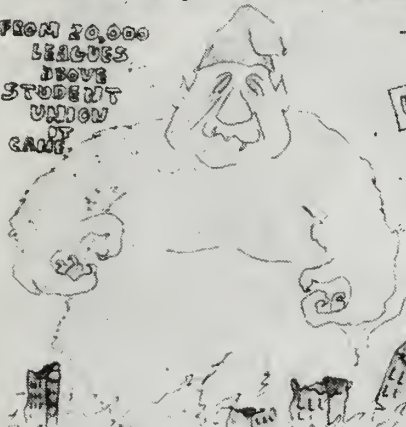
# YAHOO

FROM 20,000  
LEAGUES  
ABOVE  
STUDENT  
UNION  
BY  
CART.

— Fall 1959

UNCENSORED

UNEXPURGATED



SEE!

THE PAINFUL  
SCENE  
WITH  
STUDENT  
SENATE  
AS THEY DECIDE  
TO INVESTIGATE

SEE!

THE STUDENT  
UNION'S  
LITTLE GOES

SEE!

THE ADMINISTRATION  
HOLDING THE HANDS  
OF A SKEWER

SIZZLE

COFFERS  
"TOWARD PLESH"  
AND  
HENDY'S ANTI-APPEAL  
ALSO SUICIDE

STARRING

YUSHAKIN

AS THE MAIN SCENE

JOHN LEECH

AS THE ADMINISTRATION

AMERICAN

AS THE STUDENT SENATE

AS THE STUDENT SENATE

AS THE STUDENT SENATE

PERFORMED BY

THE STUDENT SENATE

THE STUDENT SENATE

THE STUDENT SENATE

# Zaboo



Bah, humbug!

There's a new organization on campus in support of the preservation of wooden toilet seats. It's called the Birch John Society.



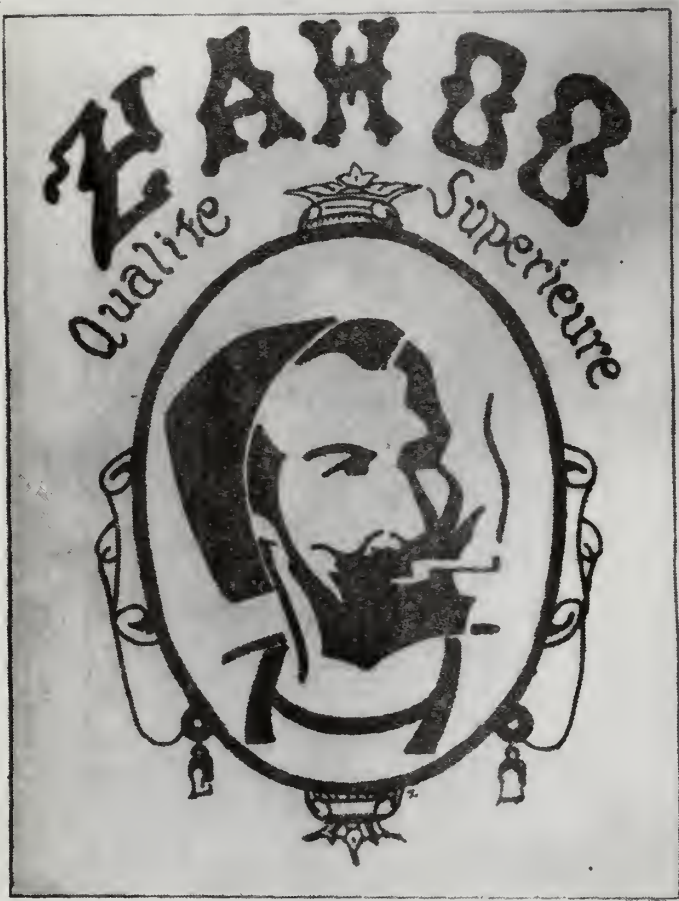
"YES, THAT'S RIGHT. THE PERMIT FOR THE PEACE PARADE WAS NOT GRANTED DUE TO THREAT OF VIOLENCE."



R.J.

"My sermon today deals with Darwin . . ."

51



# **SPEECHES WRITTEN!**

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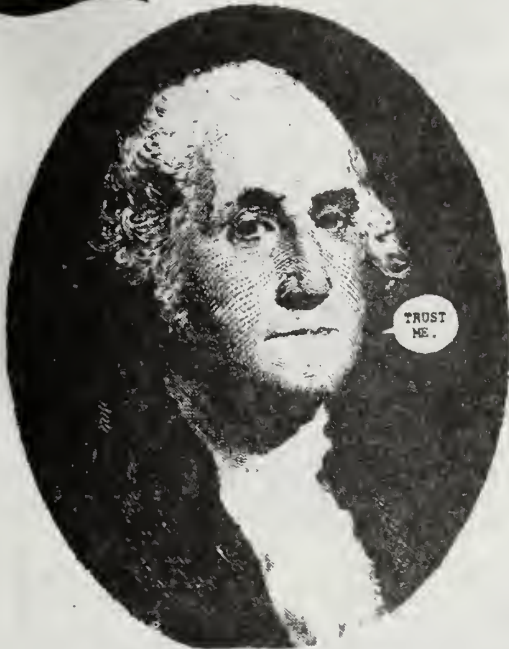
**Ghost Writers in the Sky, Inc.**  
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue,  
Washington, D.C.



...it has now been proved beyond a doubt that smoking is the major cause of statistics.



# Yahoo



## INCLOSURES ARE PERSONAL IN NATURE

Contents will not be disclosed or discussed with individuals unless they have a direct official interest in this matter.

**NOTICE:**  
To be used on all correspondence not covered in the MIX; as far as classification is concerned, but which should be handled as confidential within the headquarters.

A Yahoo Parody

## WORLD ALLIANCE FOR REPRESSION

# W.A.R.

WHY SEND C.A.R.E. PACKAGES,  
WHEN YOU CAN SEND W.A.R.

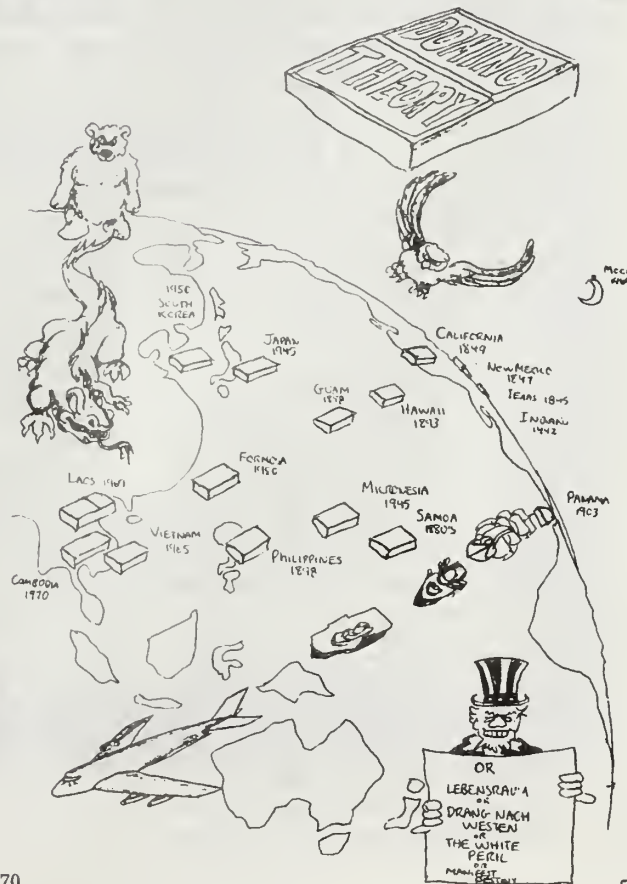
Just one dollar of your money will defoliate three dangerous rice paddies, drop one five-megaton bomb on the enemy village of your choice, or drop fifty gallons of napalm on those dastardly commies. Just lie back and imagine the smiles on the faces of our allies as they watch your gifts fall like rain from heaven, knowing that someone back here in the states is thinking of them.

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## Mass Hysteria

Mass Hysteria is generally intended to be either humorous or satiric. However, we've a few things to say that are—believe it or not—serious.

In this issue, once again, there is a lot of satire and humor directed at the so-called right wing and the conservative establishment in general. Yet, as a humor and satire magazine, **YAHOO** must be extremely careful not to become a political mouthpiece for any one faction, right or left. We must constantly strive to maintain the position of the independent critic, to see and expose all absurdities, faults, and hypocrisies, whether they be those of our friends, our "enemies," or ourselves.

Because of these beliefs, we of **YAHOO** have tried to balance criticism of the right, the left, and the apathetic. But we have run into several severe problems and setbacks. What once could easily have been identified as satire has become a very serious part of the rhetoric and ideology of many, if not all, extremist groups.

In order to write an effective piece of satire, it is generally necessary to exaggerate the inconsistencies, faults, and hypocrisies of the subject to the point where they are obviously absurd. But many extreme political groups have already reached the point of obvious absurdity, both in rhetoric and in practice, making it virtually impossible to satirize them.

The far right and the far left, especially, have rejected reason, logic, and even reality, building in their place absurdist fantasy worlds, peopled with mind-monsters and missionaries, self-styled gods and kings, all driven onward by illusions of power or, occasionally, by naive visions of Utopia. Their fantasies become real to them,

and suddenly expediency and rationalizations replace ethical integrity. The end becomes a justification for the means—any means.

Thus we find the ironic phrases which are no longer jokes: "kill for peace", "we have to destroy it to save it", "what are a few lives for such a worthy cause?", and others. These come with equal sincerity from both the far right and the far left. Democracy as an attainable ideal may be slowly going down the drain; but instead of putting in the plug, extremists of both sides are installing pumps to speed the process.

What is the point of saying this in a humor and satire magazine? How does it concern **YAHOO**? Briefly, humor and satire are based upon reason—especially satire. Both concern themselves with the irrational elements of man and society from a sometimes carefully hidden base of reason. Their purpose is to make us aware of our inconsistencies, our faults, and our hypocrisies; to get us to laugh at ourselves when we act irrationally; to make us see our faults so that we will change what we can and learn to cope with what we cannot.

But the important point is that they depend on a relatively rational audience for their existence—they can have little effect, if any, upon an audience that has chosen to relinquish its hold on reason.

Quite obviously, then, we are concerned. We are concerned as editors of a humor and satire magazine that depends on reason and a basic objectivity among its readers; because if (when?) people become irrational to the point of absurdity, and can no longer laugh at themselves or the world, **YAHOO** must die. And we are concerned as people, because we believe in reason and in a willingness to seek solutions to problems using that reason, rather than capitulating to escapist fantasies and destroying what chances there are for people to come together.

We don't believe that you can convince people with insults or violence, any more than the Pentagon can convince the Vietnamese people of anything by destroying their country with bombs, chemicals, and bullets. And it would be nothing short of absolute, total hypocrisy for us to excuse such tactics by claiming that "we are right and they are wrong." Our only chance is to stop the polarization, look at each other as people, and come together—laughing.

Peace!  
The Editors  
and Yushnik



BATTLE LANCES FROM  
MASS PRODUCTIONS

**"STRONGER  
THAN  
DIRT!"**



**Why men in Military, Security, Police, FBI, CIA, Credit,**

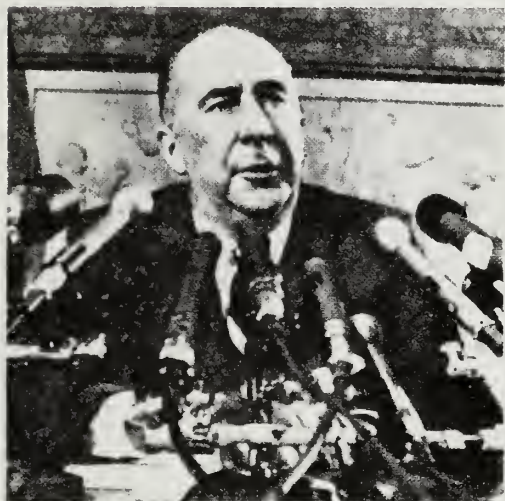
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**STUDY**

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# MEMORANDUM

## Guide To Professor Performance Appraisal

Following is a scale for rating professor performance. It represents the most recent thinking on evaluation. The instrument has been carefully considered by staff and, while it has unanimous endorsement, it is recognized that it is still in the experimental stage. After six months of field testing, the results will be assessed and charges made as deemed appropriate.

It could be noted that some thought was given to using the scale for evaluating staff performance. The only modification sug-

gested was that the headings of the performance scale simply be reversed; i.e. instead of 1,2,3,4,5, the heading sequence should be 5,4,3,2,1. While there was some negative feedback, when considered as a self-evaluation instrument, there is considerable agreement that the instrument is most valid when assessing fellow staff members. Suggestions for improvement are solicited and will be welcomed.

	PERFORMANCE DEGREES				
	1	2	3	4	5
Performance Factors	Far Exceeds Performance Requirements	Exceeds Performance Requirements	Meets Performance Requirements	Needs Some Improvement	Does Not Meet Minimum Requirement
A. Quality of Imagination	Leaps Tall Buildings With a Single Bound	Requires Running Start to Leap Over Tall Buildings	Can Only Leap Over a Short Building or One With No Spires	Crashes Into Buildings When Attempting to Jump Over Them	Cannot Recognize Buildings At All Much Less Jump
B. Quality of Adaptability	Is Faster Than A Speeding Bullet	Is As Fast As A Speeding Bullet	Not Quite As Fast As a Speeding Bullet	Has Difficulty Getting the Lead Out	Has Difficulty Getting the Gun Out
C. Quality of Tenacity	Is Stronger Than a Bull	Is As Strong As A Bull	Not Quite As Strong As a Bull	Usually Propositioned By a Bull	Is About to Calve
D. Ability to Communicate With Others	Talks With God	Talks With Angels; cc: God	Talks to himself; cc: God and Angels	Argues With Himself; cc: Himself	Loses those Arguments; no cc.
E. Accuracy of Self Concept	Walks on Water Consistently	Walks on Water At High Tide	Sometimes Gets Mired in Mud Flats	Occasionally Goes Swimming	Bed Wetter. Passes Water in Emergencies





"I'M SO GLAD THEY DEVALUED THE POUND..."

1970-1.

## PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES OF TYPES OF MEN IN PUBLIC RESTROOMS

1...**EXCITABLE**—Shorts half twisted around, cannot find hole, rips shorts.

2...**SOCIABLE**—Joins friends in piss whether he has to or not.

3...**CROSSEYED**—Looks into urinal on left, pisses into one in centre, flushes one on right.

4...**NOSEY**—Looks into next urinal to see how the other guy is fixed.

5...**TIMID**—Cannot urinate if someone else is watching, flushes urinal as if he had already used it, sneaks back later.

6...**INDIFFERENT**—All

urinals being used, he pisses in sink.

7...**CLEVER**—No hands, shows off by fixing tie, looks around, pisses on floor.

8...**WORRIED**—Is not sure of what he has been into lately, makes quick inspection.

9...**FRIVOLOUS**—Plays stream up and down and across urinal, tries to hit fly.

10...**ABSENTMINDED**—Opens vest, pulls out tie, pisses in pants.

11...**DISGUSTED**—Stands for awhile, gives up, walks away.

12...**SNEAK**—Farts silently while leaking, acts very innocent, knows man in next stall will be blamed.

13...**CHILDISH**—Leaks

directly into urinal bottom, likes to see it bubble.

14...**PATIENT**—Stands very close for a long time waiting, reads newspaper with free hand.

15...**EFFICIENT**—Waits until he has to take a crap, then does both.

16...**TOUGH**—Bangs dong against urinal to dry it.

17...**FAT**—Has to stand back to take a long blind shot at urinal, misses, pisses in shoe.

18...**LITTLE**—Stands on box, falls in, drowns.

19...**DRUNK**—Holds left thumb in right hand, pisses in pants.

20...**WITHDRAWN**—Places foot in urinal, pisses down leg, eliminating noise.

# Yahoo

KEEP  
AMERICA  
BEAUTIFUL



"MAMMA MIA, THAT'S A SPICY MEATBALL!"

THE LANDING



**Yahoo**

"A dead pelican never flies after midnight."  
—Chicopee Fats

EDITOR—JACK KOCH

LITERARY EDITOR—  
SUE CHAMBERLAIN

ART EDITOR—  
SHELDON KARP

ADVERTISING—  
PAT LEMPART

Plus  
DAVE STEVENS  
FRED ROSENTHAL  
DEBBY CLEVES  
JOE CONNORS  
TOM O'LEAVITT  
KEVIN ENGLISH  
GEORGES MERCIER  
ROGER JONES  
BRENDA FURTA  
PETER WAGSCHAL  
MAX WORTMAN  
CAPTAIN VIDEO

ILLEGAL ADVICE—  
TIM ROSENSTEIN

This ignoble experiment in journalistic enterprise is entered as third class matter in the currently U.S. Government Post Office of Amherst, Massachusetts, a capitalist enterprise. Yahoo is considered the humor magazine of the University, another capitalist enterprise. It makes three limited appearances in the 1970-71 year due to a meager figure quoted by the Student Senate, still another capitalist enterprise. Each misprinted issue costs 50 cents, which shows both inflation and capitalist leanings, and is obtainable by writing, if possible, Yahoo at Box 100, Student Union, U. Mass. Amherst, Mass. 01002, but you would have known this had you been perceptive enough to read the subscription page. Material within these covers may be reproduced by an official college humor mag, but credit must be given, or else we will retaliate. © 1971 Yahoo Editors

VOL. 17  
NO. 2  
MEMORIAL  
ISSUE

1970-1





SINCE YOU'RE FRENCH  
AND WE'RE GERMAN  
WE WILL HAVE TO  
SPEAK IN  
ENGLISH.



I'M SORRY SENATOR THE PRES-  
IDENT IS IN CONFERENCE WITH  
HIS CLOSEST CONFIDANT AND  
CANNOT BE REACHED.



1

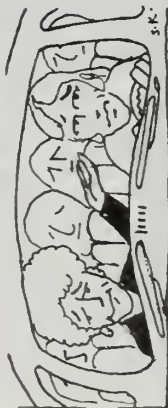
SO TELL ME MICKEY  
WHERE HAVE I  
FAILED?



2

ON THE ROAD WITH KARP

## The Driving Personalities We See



SORRY, I'D PICK YOU UP BUT WE  
HAVE NO MORE ROOM TYPE.



THE PERVERT



SUSPICIOUS YOU'RE GOING TO  
RIP ME OFF TYPE



THE GUY WHO TRIES TO RUN  
YOU OVER TYPE



FREAKY PEACE SIGN FLASHING TYPE



PRETEND THEY DON'T SEE YOU TYPE



THE GUY WHO SUDDENLY TAKES  
OFF AFTER YOU RAN AFTER THE CAR



THE GUILTY FEELING I KNOW!  
SHOULD PICK YOU UP TYPE



SAILING BENIGN NEGLECT TYPE



MEAN MOUTH HIPPIE HATER TYPE



# YAHOO

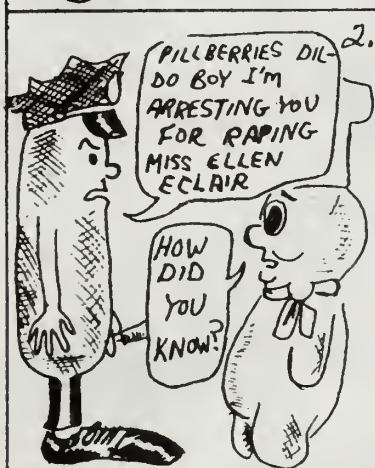
50¢  
CASH



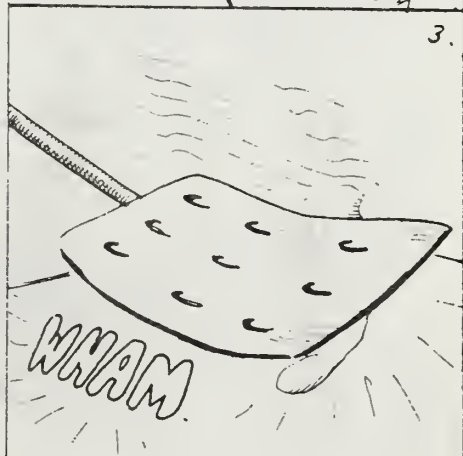
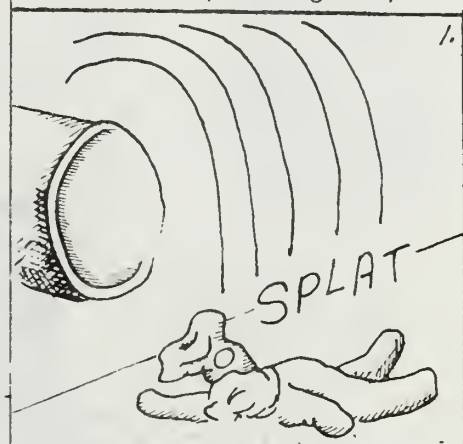
# PILLBURRIES DILDO BOY



## Adventures of the Pillberries Dildo Boy



## The Continual Adventures of the Pillsbury Dildough Boy

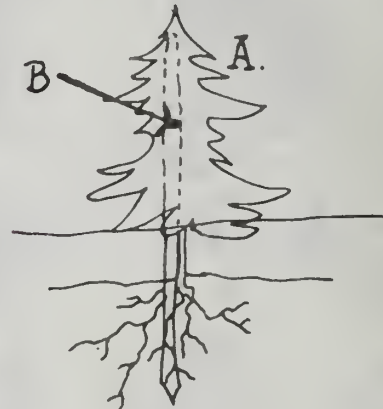


# YAHOO

Eh kinder vat  
Time ist it?



Trap No. 3 is the simplest and most heartwarming trap of all. It can be made easily by driving a solid iron rod (B) or section of steel I-beam into the ground next to a small, defenseless-looking bait tree (A), which hides the rod from the unsuspecting snowmobiler. Thus numerous snowmobiles can be utterly destroyed or crippled with a very simple and inexpensive device, to the delight of all lovers of peace, quiet, and uncluttered wintry woods.



1971-2

## THE TRIALS OF A STUDENT SENATE LAWYER





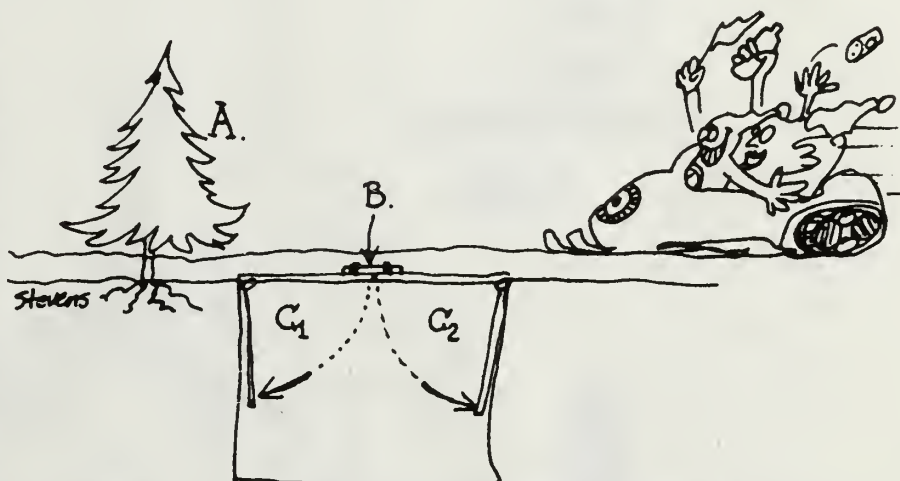
# SNAG A SNOWMOBILE FOR ECOLOGY

by Y. Stevens

In recent years the number of snowmobiles has snowballed into epidemic proportions. Each winter I find more crushed trees and beer cans deep in the woods along the tracks of these creatures than I found the previous winter. Snowmobile enthusiasts are quick to deny responsibility for such unmitigated attacks upon the innocent beauty of the virgin forest; some even going so far as to cast aspersions upon elves, as if casting beer cans and empty cigarette packs were not enough! Furthermore, their incredible thought-disturbing, peace-dissolving racket is enough to infuriate anyone who has walked deep into the woods through the snow to find peace and an atmosphere conducive to contemplation.

Therefore, as a public service to all those gentle (and a few not-so-gentle) souls who are tired of being chased to the ends of the earth by loud, exhaust-spewing, tree-crushing, litter-carrying mechanical monsters called snowmobiles, I present a few snowmobile traps which, if used frequently enough, can rid the woods of a dangerous and noisy pest.

In all traps, small trees of the type that snowmobilers love to run over (to prove their power over nature) are used as bait. Such a tree in an open area is irresistible to the more obnoxious varieties of snowmobilitist.



Trap No. 1 is an effective pit trap. The pit is dug to any desired depth on the side of the tree (A) most easily approached by a speeding snowmobile. The two trap doors

(C1 and C2) are held shut by a latch (B). The latch should be designed to not sustain the weight of a snowmobile with one or more riders.



Trap No. 2 is more complicated, and has numerous variations. It works on the Mousetrap Principle, and is highly effective. When the snowmobile hits bait tree (A), a spring is released that sends a heavy bar (B) flying up out of

the snow to bash in the front of the new \$1200 snowmobile, causing severe pain to the right rear pocket of the owner. Sometimes another bar (C) can be used to come up under the snowmobile and massacre the delicate tread links.

(continued on preceeding page)





*Watch for our resurrection  
later this month.*



**THEY ONLY THINK THAT WE'RE DEAD!**

45/00/42

APR 7 1976

UNIV. OF MASS.  
ARCHIVES

